

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
SPIRITUAL and DIVINE
H Y M N S,

Taken from various A U T H O R S ;

Intended for the Use of those few, who are *indeed*,
or *desire* to be, Strangers and Pilgrims on Earth,
and are determined to know *nothing* but JESUS
CHRIST and him *crucified*.

By C. Hull

O sing unto the Lord a new Song. Psa. xcvi. 1.
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 12.
Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spirit-
ual Songs, singing and making melody in your hearts
unto the Lord. Eph. v. 19

B R I S T O L :

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To all the FAITHFUL IN CHRIST
JESUS, *especially those whom the*
LORD *hath called me to watch over*
and feed with the word of his grace.

MY DEAREST BRETHREN,

THE following collection of spiritual and divine Hymns, taken from various Authors, are (as a small cup of cold water humbly presented to you in the name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST; intended as a means to refresh your weary spirits whilst in your pilgrimage, through this howling wilderness and dreary desert.

These sacred songs want no recommendation. TRUTH carries its own evidence and will speak for itself. I shall therefore only add, that according to my humble opinion, these Hymns appear to me very excellent; they contain the very marrow and essence of the pure *undefiled* gospel of JESUS CHRIST: and are most sweetly adapted to the state of *every* one, taught of the *meek and lowly Jesus*; from the *least* to the greatest in God's house: and in short, to every one that is only under the *least* drawings and influences of the HOLY COMFORTER, the SPIRIT of TRUTH.

In chusing and collecting of them (which hath been a very solemn and weighty matter with me before the Lord) I have studied to please but ONE; viz. THE HOLY ONE of *Israel*; IMMANUEL, GOD with US: in doing which I am sure I shall not displease those few, that are *indeed* God's people. And therefore I don't doubt but all such as are *truly* simple in heart, and *poor* in spirit, who look beyond the *shadow* to the *substance*, and have a real *taste* and *relish* for the *sufferings* and *death* of Jesus, (from whence all our blessings flow both in time and in eternity) and are determined to know nothing but JESUS CHRIST and him *crucified*, will find in this collection of Hymns, some *sweet* and *savory* food, suitable to the various states and conditions of their minds.

The volume is swelled to a much larger size than I at first intended. But Providence having put in my way, some very choice Hymns, which appear to me, *truly evangelical*, and full of sweet *heart-felt experience*; and which at the same time open in a plain, intelligible manner the *leading* and *essential* truths in the holy gospel: I thought therefore these Hymns would answer another valuable end, and might be substituted in the place of many religious books, which in general treat only of the *theory* of the gospel, and the sentiments and *peculiar* opinions, of fallible men: and therefore rather *injure* than edify the mind. The greatest part of these hymns have already been made use of in our little societies, which God hath *remarkably* owned and blessed, above every other composition or collection we ever met with. Besides there is an universal call for the same, (many of which are just

out of print) which were the principal motives that induced me to publish this edition.

And here I would beg leave to drop a serious, and I hope a *seasonable* word of advice, to you my dear brethren, altho' it may seem rather foreign to this subject, yet I trust it will not prove altogether unprofitable. And that is, most earnestly to recommend to your serious study above every other book, in solemn prayer and faith, that so much neglected, but truly precious book of God, the HOLY BIBLE, which *alone* is able (through the divine teachings of the Holy Ghost) to make you *truly* wise to salvation. And by which alone we must *all* stand or fall, in that *awful* and *tremendous* day, "when God shall judge the world in RIGHT-EOUSNESS by THAT MAN, whom he hath ordained."* And therefore ought to be the constant study of our whole lives.

'Tis, my dear brethren, "the sword of the Spirit,"† the only weapon the enemy of our souls cares for, because it *alone* can *effectually* destroy his kingdom; and is therefore, what every soldier fighting under the banner of Jesus Christ, stands in *absolute* need of: neither can he by *any* means, fight the LORD's battles *without* it. And I am fully perswaded, that if this two-edged sword, THE WORD OF GOD, were made more use of, IN THE SPIRIT; all our most subtle and potent enemies, the world, flesh and devil (with whom there is a *continual* war) must *inevitably* fall before us: and it would be impossible we could fail of victory.

But let us, my dear brethren, take heed. Re-
member.

* Acts xvii. 31.

† Eph. vi. 17

member it's the sword of THE SPIRIT, and therefore can *only* be handled by THE SPIRIT; whomsoever therefore makes use of it *any* other way, and attempts to *handle* it only with the withered hand of carnal reason and worldly wisdom, will, whilst he is aiming to stab his enemy, *only* wound his own soul, and slay himself. Because he must *unavoidably* wrest the scriptures to his *own* destruction. May the Lord, the esore, my dear brethren, not only give you the sword; but the SPIRIT of TRUTH also, to handle it. Which he has graciously promised to do, unto every one that asks him.* And should any be desirous (as perhaps they may) to know under what name I pass in the Christian world, and what are my religious sentiments.

To the first question, I would answer that I am no *partizan*, neither have I any *outward* connection with *any* sect or party now going. And therefore, do in the face of the whole world, *disown* and *renounce*, every particular name; (by which the professors of the Christian religion, are denominated) but *that very ancient one*, given to the *first* disciples of Jesus Christ at Antioch, viz. CHRISTIANS.† And yet at the same time I love *all*, and *every* one, of *every* denomination, without the least distinction, that take the *whole* bible for their creed, that hold THE FAITH in the unity of *the Spirit*, and who own and confess by the Holy Ghost, that poor *mean* MAN, and *despise* Nazarene, Jesus of Nazareth, to be their LORD and their GOD,‡ &c. &c.

And secondly, in regard to my religious sentiments

* Mat. vii. 11. † Acts xii. 26. ‡ John xx. 28. — Col. iii. 9.

ments should any be desirous of knowing, I would refer them to the first hymn in this collection, where they will see *all the fundamental truths* of the Christian religion (some part of which is expressed in the *very words* of scripture) the *real sentiments* of my heart, and the *substance* of which, I, in a feeble plain manner, endeavour to teach and enforce in the name of the Lord.

Thus having delivered the sentiments of my heart, and the principal reasons for publishing this collection of hymns which I trust were done in singleness of heart to the Lord *alone*, from a clear conviction of his will (otherwise they would never have been printed by me) which I think was *fully* made manifest, by many *remarkable* concurring providences, before I attempted to put them to the press. And still farther, to corroborate the same, have had throughout the whole, a testimony within my own breast, that the Lord did look with a gracious smile, and was not displeased with this weak and feeble attempt to advance his honour and glory which yields me a peace of mind I value above thousands of gold and silver; yea, millions and millions of worlds.

I shall now conclude the whole with calling upon you my dearest brethren, in the name of Jesus our Great High Priest, that you would join me in supplicating his gracious throne, for a blessing upon these precious hymns, in the few following petitions; which I trust spring from, and speak nothing but the real and genuine feelings of my unworthy breast.

O LORD GOD! Thou most dear and precious
IMMANUEL! Behold! from thy mercy's seat!
thy

thy poor vile, unworthy worm, who humbly begs leave to fall prostrate before thy dear bleeding feet, earnestly desiring to present to Thee, this little book of hymns, for whose sake alone they were published; beseeching Thee to take them into thine own hands, and give them thy special blessing, and sprinkle every page, verse and line, with thy most precious heart's blood: and make them *sweet* and *salutary* food, to the souls of all thy dear people; and, an universal blessing to thousands, wherever they shall come, more *especially* to the little flock thou hast called me to labor amongst and watch over.—And all the praise shall be ascribed to thy name O Lord! For thou *only* art worthy to receive glory and honor, and power, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed US to GOD by thy blood; to whom be praise and dominion for ever. Amen!

I remain, most dearly beloved brethren,
Your souls sincere well-wisher,
And ever willing servant,
Under the cross of Christ.

C. H.

APRIL 10, 1776.



SPIRITUAL *and* DIVINE

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

A brief confession of THE FAITH, of a *true*
Disciple and follower of JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on mount Calv'ry seal'd,
We sign; and *ev'ry* stedfast word
Within his testament *reveal'd*,
We firm believe; and curst are they
Who *add* thereto, or *take* away.
- 2 And now, before this awful crowd
Of brethren militant on earth!
Before the first-born Church of God!
We hearty own the *second* birth:
We constantly consent to this,
Who hath not *Christ*, is none of *his*.

A

3 Also

- 3 Also to blood, we this maintain,
 That *none* are righteous, no not *one*,
 But those for whom the Lamb was slain,
 Who're justify'd by faith *alone*;
 And, whose in his name believes,
 Himself and all Christ hath receives.
- 4 Our works and merits we disclaim,
 We trample on our righteousness;
 Our holiest actions we condemn
 As *dung* and *drofs* : and this confess,
 They are but sand, who build thereon,
 Deny and *sight* the corner stone.
- 5 No other doctrine dare we hear,
 But, Christ *alone* our Saviour is,
 To *all* beside we stop our ear,
 And shun as *dangerous heresies* :
 This truth to death we will proclaim,
 There is no Saviour but the LAMB.
- 6 He is the only Lord and God !
 The *subness* of the Three in ONE :
 His name, death, righteousness, and blood,
 Shall be our *glory*, this *alone* :
 His Godhead, and his death shall be
 Our song to all eternity !
- 7 On him we venture *all* we have,
 Our bodies, souls, and spirits too :
 None will we ask beside to save,
 Nought but the Saviour will we know :
 This we subscribe with heart and hand,
 Resolv'd thro' grace, by *this* to stand.

8 This



- 8 This now, with heav'n's resplendent host,
 We echo thro' the church's bounds;
 And 'midst the Heathen make our boast,
 Of our *Redeemer's blood and wounds* :
 And loud like many waters join,
 To shout the *Lamb*, the MAN divine!
- 9 By this our mark will we be known,
 In heav'n, and in the earth abroad,
 That *ev'ry doctrine* we disown,
 And *ev'ry faith*, and *ev'ry God*,
 But *Christ* EMMANUEL, and *that faith*
 Which apprehends his *blood and death*.
-

H Y M N II.

The real and genuine fruits and effects of Saving Faith.

- 1 **T**HE sinner that truly believes,
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,
 His justification receives,
 Redemption in *full* thro' his blood :
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
 Shall ever seduce him to death :
 He now has the *witness* within,
 United to Jesus by faith.

This faith shall eternally fail
 When Jesus shall fall from his throne :
 For Hell against *both* must prevail ;
 Since Jesus and he are but *one*.

- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere *notion* or *name* ;
 The work of God's *Spirit* it is.
 A principle active and young,
 That *lives* under *pressure* and *load* ;
 That makes out of *weakness* more strong ;
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 4 It treads on the *world* and on *hell*,
 It vanquishes *death* and *despair* :
 And (what still is stranger to tell)
 It overcomes heav'n by *pray'r* ;
 Permits a vile worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a *friend* ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just ;
 And look for his love to the *end*.
- 5 It says to the mountains, depart,
 That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences *whole* ;
 Bids sins of a *crimson* like dye
 Be spotless as snow and as white ;
 And makes such a sinner as I
 As pure as an angel of light.

H Y M N III.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **W**HEREVER faith does justify,
 It purifies the heart :
 The pardon and the purity
 Join hands and never part.
- 2 The happy state of pardon doth
 An holy life infer ;
 In subjects capable of both,
 They never sunder'd were.
- 3 From precious faith, a precious strife
 Of precious virtues flow,
 A precious heart, a precious life,
 And precious duties too.
- 4 A happy sinner I remain,
 But sin hath lost its pow'r ;
 Sin, still I have, but *Christ* doth reign,
 His wounds my strength and tow'r.
- 5 No heavy yoke his precepts prove,
 No tiresome load impose ;
 My heart now fill'd with sacred love,
 His will with pleasure does.
- 6 To boast of faith in bonds of sin,
 Blasphemes thy Jesu's name ;
 Believers still enslav'd within,
 Put thee to open shame.

- 7 Those souls, whom faith with Christ unites,
 Are *peaceful, calm, serene,*
 His Spirit in such hearts resides
 And keeps his temple *clean.*
-

H Y M N IV.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a *living* pow'r unites
 To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes *all the heart* ;
 'Tis faith that works by *love*,
 That bids all *sinful* joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts *above*.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers *earth and hell*,
 By a celestial pow'r ;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.
- 5 True faith *obeys* her author's will,
 As well as trust his grace ;
 A pard'ning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness.

6 When

- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean;
 Nor would he send his Son to be,
 The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit *purifies* our frame,
 And seals our peace with God;
 Jesus and his salvation came
 By water and by blood.
-

H Y M N V.

The Christian's happy life.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the men who know
 The Lamb and walk with him below?
 How happy they who calmly bear
 All griefs and persecutions here?
 And fix their steady minds on him,
 Who them did from the world redeem.
- 2 They trust the Lord, whose vocal blood
 Saith, All things work together for good;
 Nor murmur they when cross'd or wrong'd,
 When like to die, when life's prolong'd;
 But quiet under all go on,
 And sing, *Thy will, my God, be done.*
- 3 In these our Saviour dwells, and is
 Their strength, and righteousness, and bliss
 The dove spreads here prolific wings,
 And here the peaceful olive brings:
 In hearts like these, the Father God
 Is pleas'd to 'stablish his abode.

- 4 The fear of death is far remov'd,
While Jesus whispers, My belov'd ;
And cancels sin, then death each views,
As serpents, when their stings they lose :
Nor nakedness, nor want, nor sword,
Can part them from a tender Lord.
- 5 If they possess a joyous frame,
'Tis well, they thank the Saviour's name ;
If they are heavy ; low they sit
And wait resign'd at Jesu's feet :
A peace surpassing human thought
They still enjoy which leaves them not.
- 6 Often I taste this liberty,
And O my God, get near to thee :
I foretaste heav'n, and long to feel
This happiness abide me still ;
Or leave the foolish world and prove
The fulness of thy bliss above.

H Y M N VI.—L. M.

The TRUE Believer's legacy.

- 1 **T**HE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds ;
How good, how excellently good
Is the bare name of *Jesu's blood*.
- 2 What makes it so to me is this :
All that is Christ's *my* portion is ;
I'm his, and all I e'er shall be,
And all *he* has is made to *me*.

- 3 O what a great estate have I,
A heav'n to all eternity !
 I'm rich the *Lamb* hath made me so,
 Nor would I *greater* riches know.
- 4 O law, I dread thy threats no more,
 Our *Saviour* yonder paid my score ;
His blood I know hath blotted all
 The hand against me on the wall.
- 5 The promises I glad look o'er,
 And thankfully the *Lamb* adore ;
 For when he dy'd he made his will,
 And these his legacies reveal.
- 6 His new eternal testament
 I read, and much sweet time is spent
 In searching ev'ry verse and line,
 How much by *Jesu's* will is mine.
- 7 What did my *Saviour* at his death
 To me, unworthy me, bequeath ?
All that he had, his *merits, blood,*
 He left me when he went to God.
- 8 My dear Testator must I bless,
 And wearing his pure righteousness,
 He dy'd and left me this I'll tell,
 Or *I* had *naked* went to hell.
- 9 Men shall not be deceiv'd, for I
 Will loud declare how I came by
 My fine array, my purity,
 I'll say, my *Saviour* left it me.

- 10 O Jesus, but unloose my tongue,
And grace shall be my ceaseless song;
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely in the Lamb.
- 11 I'll sing how poor I lately was,
How sad I sat beneath the cross;
Till I by faith *beheld* thee die,
And now how *rich*, how *glad* am I.
-

H Y M N VII.

All TRUE Believers, strangers and pilgrims on earth.

- 1 **W**AYFARING men and sojourners
Are we who seek the heav'nly spheres,
Nor do we here belong:
Our certain dwelling place is where
The Lamb's triumphant hosts appear,
His dear redeemed throng.
- 2 Forget not this while thus ye sit
To rest you at our Saviour's feet,
Ye family of God;
But leaning on your staves as do
Poor travellers, who their home pursue,
When weary on their road.
- 3 Our meetings here is not the rest
Remaining for us, but a taste;
Yet friends a little while,
A few days journey more and we
Shall Jesus and his sabbath see,
And cease from all our toil.

- 4 Dry up your tears ye weeping host,
 For yonder see is Salem's coast,
 There waits the happy troop ;
 The army of our brethren there,
 Join earnest in our feeble pray'r,
 Lord fill the number up.
- 5 'Tis but to stay a few more days
 Ere we shall join their perfect praise,
 And like them Christ adore :
 Not in a tabernacle then,
 Nor in a city built by men,
 But heav'n for evermore.
- 6 Go on in peace ye little flock,
 Before us moves the Lord our rock,
 Of which the Hebrews drank,
 Nor did they tire in all their road,
 So strength'ning was the mystic flood,
 Drink friends and Jesus thank.
- 7 Drink and you shall your strength renew,
 The Lamb prepares this stream for you,
 Draw near ye thirsty poor :
 O fellow-pilgrims, drink and sing
 The virtues of this sacred spring,
 And God the rock adore.

H Y M N VIII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;

Rise

Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise my soul and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

H Y M N IX.—C. M.

Sunday Morning.

1 **W**ELCOME, thrice welcome day of rest
 On thee our Lord arose !
 On thee he bursts the bands of death,
 And triumph'd o'er his foes

- 2 To day he bids the faithful rest,
To day he show'rs his grace ;
Seek ye my face, (our Lord invites)
Lord, we would seek thy face.
- 3 To day our feet shall tread thy courts,
In pray'r, and praise, and love ;
O may our works be offer'd pure,
As those by saints above !
- 4 O may we please thee well to day,
May that be all our care !
Give us thy grace lest evil thoughts
Shou'd mingle in our pray'r.
- 5 Let heav'n, propitious, aid our souls,
Let heav'n in pity hear ;
Come with us to thy temple Lord,
And we'll adore thee here.

H Y M N X.—C. M.

Sunday Noon.

- 1 BLESS'D be thy name, immortal King,
Of all the nations Lord ;
Whose love provides for fainting souls
The cordial of thy word.
- 2 Lift up our souls in holy zeal,
Inflame our breasts with love ;
Touch our unhallow'd lips with fire,
O thou anointing dove !

3 Leave

- 3 Leave then, my soul, the things of earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo! Heav'n descends to welcome man
To taste the things divine!
- 4 I come, dear Saviour, lo! I come,
Lord of my life and soul;
I come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleas'd to make me whole.
- 5 I thirst, and fly to thee, my Lord,
Thou fountain-head of good;
Filthy I come, and all unclean,
O cleanse me in thy blood!
-

H Y M N XI. — C. M.

Sunday Evening.

- 1 **L**O! Now the sun declines apace,
The holy sabbath flies;
Come, therefore, let us close the day
In sacred harmonies.
- 2 When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Bless'd in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?
- 3 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.

- 4 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led,
And pardon that repenting child
For whom the Saviour bled !
- 5 Behold the streams of purple gore,
That trickle from his side !
And pardon that repenting child,
For whom the Saviour dy'd.
- 6 Spare me my God ; O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee !
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 7 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
To be my guide, and friend ;
To light my ways to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

H Y M N XII.—C. M.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who gave the word !
And bid the preachers cry ;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Lord ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear ;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

3 Thy

- 3 Thy scriptures light our darksome path,
And guide our fault'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to the mercy-seat.
- 4 Fill ev'ry hungry soul who cries,
From thy exhaustless store;
And let no one go empty hence,
But tasting, pray for more.
- 5 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal word;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord.
-

H Y M N XIII.—L. M.

The earnest Seeker.

- 1 **O** What a world of doubts and cares,
And sins before my face appears!
How many paths do I perceive!
Nor know I which to choose, or leave.
- 2 Good God! direct my feet aright,
Throughout this long Egyptian night:
My soul to Canaan's pasture lead,
There let me hide my weary head.
- 3 Till then in secret calls, and pray'rs,
By inward sighs, and streaming tears,
I'll seek thy face: my search receive,
O! Let me see thy face, and live.

4 *Alto*

- 4 Altho' the way be strew'd with pain,
Thou hast not bid me seek in vain :
I'll seek — if ne'er the bliss be giv'n,
I'll perish at the gate of heav'n.
- 5 The Lord hath said, *Seek ye my face ;*
The invitation I embrace ;
And should I err — I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 6 My mid-night hours I'll pass away,
Waiting in hope the Bridegroom's stay ;
And begging in his way I'll lie,
And perish if he pass me by.
- 7 I'll watch ; perhaps, my Lord may come ;
If back I turn, hell is my doom :
If I ne'er find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying out for God.
- 8 The soul who seeks the Lord shall live ;
Seek, O my soul ! my spirit strive ;
Pray loud, if he denies to hear,
I'll perish (if I must) in pray'r !

H Y M N XIV. — L. M.

Reproach'd for CHRIST's sake.

- 1 **A** H ! my dear master, now I see
Thy scriptures are fulfill'd in me ;
I must, because I own thy name,
Take up my cross, and suffer shame.

B

Slanders

- 2 Slanders on slanders now I hear,
 Rebukes, and false reproach I bear;
 I am the sport of all the throng,
 The world's contempt, the drunkard's song.
- 3 The high, the low, unlearn'd, and wise,
 Alike my foolish ways despise;
 While such as almost Christians are,
 Condemn my way as too severe.
- 4 As evil, men my presence flee,
 Exclude me from their company;
 My foes, and friends promiscuous blame,
 And scarce I bear a Christian's name.
- 5 O my dear God, be thou my aid!
 On thee let all my hopes be stay'd;
 Mind me of thine eternal crown,
 Nor let these trifles cast me down.
- 6 Come, blessed Bridegroom, bring my day!
 O take my wishful soul away!
 O rest me on thy father's throne,
 The glory shall be thine alone.

H Y M N XV.—C. M.

In time of persecution.

- 1 **P**ROPHET, and teacher, come from God,
 We glory thy word;
 Who cam'st to kindle fire on earth,
 And send a flaming sword.

See,

- 2 See, Lord, how Satan spoils thy church,
Thy scatter'd sheep behold ;
Distress o'er-spreads the people's hearts,
And fear attends thy fold.
- 3 Billows of fury fright the flock,
And mighty tempests swell ;
Against us man with man combines,
And aids the hosts of hell.
- 4 False brethren in religious forms,
Their artful malice use ;
Array'd like sheep, the rav'nous wolves
Thy heritage abuse.
- 5 Rise, mighty God, maintain thy cause,
Hold out the victor's crown ;
Strengthen the weak, and raise the hands
Despairingly cast down.
- 6 Help us, O Lord, to persevere,
And more than conquerors prove ;
Assist us manfully to fight,
And triumph in thy love.
- 7 And if thy will should call to death,
We know thy will is good ;
Increase our strength, and we shall strive,
Resisting unto blood.
- 8 Let Heav'n be open to our view,
Tho' ghastly death appear ;
Our souls shall leave the world with joy,
And tread down ev'ry fear.

- 9 The captain of the hosts above
Prepares our dang'rous way;
If God be for us, we at last
Shall surely win the day.
- 10 Let Satan thunder in his hour,
And let his légions roar;
But for a night our griefs endure,
And then we grieve no more.
- 11 Be thou our rock, almighty Lord,
To thee ourselves we yield;
Be our salvation, our defence,
Our refuge, and our shield.
- 12 If thou maintain thy childrens right,
No terrors we shall know;
Thy will be done, descend ye rains,
Ye winds tempestuous blow.
- 13 Thro' all we lift our longing eyes,
Where saints and martyrs feast;
Like them regardless of our lives,
That with them we may rest.
- 14 How more than happy all their souls
Who firm for JESUS stood;
Boldly confess'd his faith below,
And seal'd it with their blood.
- 15 Worthy art thou of endless praise,
More than thy saints can give;
Worthy eternal pow'r and strength,
And blessings to receive.

H Y M N XVI.—C. M.

*Seven HYMNS from the seven cries our LORD utter'd
on the cross.*

- 1 SEE on the cross my SAVIOUR hangs !
All red with guiltless blood ;
Seven flowing streams of purple hue
Compose the healing flood :
- 2 Laden with wrath, and grievous pangs,
Seven times aloud he cries !
Now knowing all things were fulfil'd,
He bows his head, and dies !
- 3 And didst thou bleed seven times for me ?
I'll weep each day of seven ;
I'll imitate thy bitter cries,
And ceaseless cry to heav'n !
- 4 Thy groans I'll plead, I'll urge thy tears,
Perhaps thy love will hear ;
For Oh ! unless thou give relief,
My cross I cannot bear.
- 5 I cannot justly call thee mine,
I dare not as I wou'd ;
For I alas ! am all impure,
O ! cleanse me in thy blood.

H Y M N. XVII.

My God ! my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?

1 **W**HY bear I yet the Father's rod ?
 Why yet forsaken by my God ?
 Say Justice — Must I ever mourn ?
 Must I for ever be forlorn ?
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !

2 Have all thy mercies found an end ?
 Is he no more the sinner's friend ?
 Hath God forgot his usual love ?
 And is no pity left above ?
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !

3 Will God be gracious now no more ?
 Or slights the Lord his helpless poor ?
 Will no entreaties now prevail ?
 Doth all his former kindness fail ?
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !

4 Can Jesu's blood no more atone ?
 Will God behold his slaughter'd son !
 And hear him cry, and see his side,
 Nor pardon him for whom he dy'd !
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !

5. Dear

- 5 Dear Lord, if mercy-be in heav'n,
 Let mercy to my soul be giv'n !
 For Jesu's sake my trouble see,
 And let his suff'rings plead for me !
 In pity hear a sinner cry,
 Nor more my humble suit deny !

H Y M N XVIII.—C. M.

Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.

- 1 **F**ATHER, forgive thy froward child ;
 Forgive for Jesu's sake !
 Save me ! O save me from my sin,
 And from the burning lake !

- 2 Sin upon sin I long have heap'd,
 Led captive by the foe !
 O pardon me ! For what I did,
 Father, I did not know !

- 3 E'er since I knew thy holy will,
 I've lov'd to go aside ;
 Have took delight in vanity,
 And pleas'd myself in pride.

- 4 Careless of heav'n, and Jesu's love,
 I've pass'd the days of youth ;
 A stranger to the living faith,
 A stranger to the truth.

- 5 Lost in the maze of carnal mirth,
 Far from thy peace I've gone !
 O faithful shepherd, bring me home,
 Seek thy returning son.

- 6 I see my faults, I see, and cry;
 I feel the heavy load:
 God justly hides away his face,
 For I have fled from God!
- 7 I own, I've turn'd to crooked paths;
 I own it, Lord, and grieve;
 Throughout my life I've done amiss,
 Father, my sins forgive!
-

H Y M N XIX.—C. M.

To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

- 1 **O** Cou'd I hear that Saviour's voice,
 Who suffer'd on the tree!
 Once hear him say, 'Thy sins are hid,
 ' For I have dy'd for thee!'
- 2 Happy that thief, thrice happy he,
 Who ask'd, and was forgiv'n!
 Ask'd, and the son of God reply'd,
 ' To day I give thee heav'n!'
- 3 Behold I ask, and seek, and pray;
 But cannot yet obtain:
 Often I come before thy throne,
 But seem to come in vain.
- 4 Remember, O remember me;
 My pangs are too severe!
 My spirit bows beneath the weight,
 My burden who can bear!

- 5 Hast thou forgot to deal in love?
Wilt thou be pleas'd no more!
Must peace for ever leave my breast,
And storms be ne'er blown o'er!
- 6 O gracious Saviour, hear my pray'r,
And let salvation shine!
Say to my mournful soul rejoice,
For paradise is thine!
-

H Y M N XX.—C.M.

Woman! Behold thy Son. — Son! Behold thy Mother.

- 1 **F**ATHER, attend my Saviour's groans,
His woe, and anguish see!
Behold he bleeds to heal my wounds,
Behold he groans for me!
- 2 Father, behold my Saviour's pangs,
And hear his bitter cries!
Tortur'd for me he yields his breath,
For me the victim dies.
- 3 Father, can'st thou behold thy Son,
And see his grief and pain;
And yet forbear to pardon him,
For whom thy Son was slain!
- 4 For me he left his native heav'n,
Thy bosom, and thy throne;
Hear then in his beloved name!
O hear me in thy Son!

5 See

- 5 See where he prays, and pleads for me !
Why hear'st thou not his pray'r ?
Attend his cry, and all his suit,
Thou God of pity hear !
- 6 Jesu, thou-all-atoning Lamb,
Vouchsafe one gracious look ;
O turn, and see my griefs, and tears,
And note them in thy book !
- 7 Lord, I have, sorrowing, sought thy face,
In public, and alone ;
Behold me fighting by thy cross,
Saviour, behold thy Son !
- 8 Behold, and count me of thy flock ;
And from thy sacred fold,
Translate me to eternal courts,
Where I may thee behold.
-

H Y M N XXI.—C. M.

I thirst.

- 1 **I** *Thirst*, the holy Jesus cries,
Thirsts for his Father's peace ;
Thirsts for relief, that all his pangs,
And tortures all may cease.
- 2 He thirsts that men would turn to God,
And taste the well of life ;
That all, who feel the weight of sin,
In him might end their strife.

- 3 O Lord, I thirst, and thirsty faint;
Thy healing waters give;
Shew me the living stream of blood;
That I may drink, and live.
 - 4 O lead me to salvation's well,
Where I may purge my sin;
O when shall I its virtue feel;
O when shall I be clean!
 - 5 I thirst for peace, and cry for rest,
My sore distemper heal;
O quench my drowth with tender love,
Thy flowing streams reveal!
 - 6 I long to taste the love of God,
To taste the milk and wine;
Come Lord, and let me price-less buy,
And live the life divine!
-

H Y M N XXII.—L. M.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is gracious, come my soul,
And humble lay thee at his feet;
To him spread open all thy griefs,
To him thy ways, thy wants commit.
- 2 Father, I give myself to thee,
Commend to thee my soul, my all;
My laden spirit seeks thy rest,
And waits when thou wilt hear my call.

3 Lift

- 3 Lift up mine eyes cast on the ground,
Uphold my feet, and raise my hands ;
Direct my sight to heaven's gate,
Direct my steps to *Canaan's* lands.
- 4 I see my shame, and am distress'd,
Have no where but to thee to fly ;
To thee, whose mercies never fail,
To thee the only succour nigh.
- 5 Deny me not my fervent suit,
But let me share the Saviour's love ;
O still the God of pity reign !
Still faithful to thy promise prove.
- 6 If still these heavy nights remain,
Yet let them end in joyful day ;
Lord, work thy will ; be heav'n the end,
Tho' rough, and thorny be the way.
- 7 Assure me of my part in thee,
My only, true, and faithful friend ;
Then will I wait thy wise decree,
And all I have to thee commend.

H Y M N XXIII.—C. M.

It is finish'd.

- 1 'TIS done ! The rocks are rent in twain ;
The temple's vail is torn !
The Saviour dies, his parting soul
To distant realms is borne.

- 2 'Tis finish'd ! The *Messiah's* dead !
He dies to die no more ;
Dies, that the souls of mortal men
To heav'n may sweetly soar.
- 3 He dies to shut the mouth of hell,
To lead the way to heav'n ;
Dies, that the heavy laden soul
May ask, and be forgiv'n !
- 4 Jesu ! I ask, O hear my pray'r !
My Saviour, God the Son ;
Forgive my sin, my pardon seal,
And whisper thou, 'Tis done.
- 5 My drooping spirit now revive
With all thy quick'ning grace ;
Say to me, ' I have thee redeem'd ;
'Tis finish'd ! Go in peace.'
- 6 All pow'r is thine in heav'n and earth,
Speak but the gracious word ;
And I shall feel salvation flow,
And I shall know the Lord.
- 7 Touch but my heart, it shall be clean ;
My eyes, and I shall see ;
Give me to seek thy lovely face,
And I shall live to thee.
- 8 Send from above the Holy Ghost
Me to baptize with fire ;
That all my heart, that all my thoughts
To thee may still aspire.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIV.

The LOVE-FEAST.

- 1 **I**N Jesu's name our souls we bow,
 We meet in Jesu's name;
 Come Holy Ghost within us now,
 Kindle the heav'nly flame!
 Come with the joy the angels know
 In realms of bliss above;
 O come, and all our hearts prepare
 To keep the feast of love!
- 2 Father, JEHOVAH! God and Lord,
 Fulness of all divine,
 Descend, and seal this little flock
 To be for ever thine!
 Come, let the children of the Lord
 Thy peace, and favour prove;
 O come, and all our hearts prepare
 To keep the feast of love.
- 3 Jesus, the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 The saints' eternal food;
 Give us thy flesh to eat to-day,
 And let us drink thy blood.
 Come, Prince of peace, in glory come,
 All prejudice remove;
 O come, and all our hearts prepare
 To keep the feast of love.

- 4 Come holy, holy, holy Lord,
From heav'n thy lofty throne!
Come Thou united mystic THREE,
And join us all in one!
Pour out thy blessings on our souls,
Come thou anointing dove!
Come, and the oil of gladness shed,
And we shall feast in love!
-

H Y N M XXV.—C. M.

Praise.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Lamb, whose golden fleece
Hides all our evil ways;
The Sun of Righteousness, who rose,
That we might see his rays.
- 2 Eternal glory be to thee,
Thou fountain head of love;
Let all the earth adore thy name,
And ev'ry pow'r above.
- 3 Blessing, and praise to Christ, the Lord,
Who enter'd into rest;
Who banquets now with all his saints,
And bids us to his feast.
- 4 The Saviour, once for sinners slain,
Eternal lives, and reigns;
Jesus, the merciful High Priest,
Our advocate remains.

5 The

- 5 The tender Shepherd of our souls,
The High, anointed Priest ;
Jesus, the humble Son of Man
Is God, for ever blest.
- 6 All glory to his healing name,
More than we here can give ;
Who liv'd, that we might die to sin ;
And dy'd that we might live.
- 7 Prepare me for the solemn hour,
When I must cease to live ;
And when my soul is call'd away,
Do thou my soul receive.
-

H Y M N XXVI.

Another.

- 1 **B**LESS we Jesus—only he,
Our Redeemer stoops to be ;
He, for our salvation, bled ;
First-begotten from the dead.
- 2 While in death-like sleep we lay,
While we all were gone astray,
He, our Lord, our life became,
He restor'd us thro' his name.
- 3 Hail ! Thou Son of Ancient days,
Hail ! The object of our praise ;
Elder brother, thou, whose wings
Healing to the nation brings.

4 Thou

- 4 Thou art worthy to receive
 Glory more than we can give;
 Thou alone art strong to save,
 Thine own arm salvation gave.
- 5 Christ alone the wine-press trod,
 Laden with the wrath of God
 Ventur'd none with thee to join,
 All the glory shall be thine.

H Y M N XXVII.—L. M.

Another.

- 1 COME, let us sing to Jesu's name,
 And bless the author of our peace;
 Let us adore our Lord, the Lamb,
 Our wisdom, strength, and righteousness.
- 2 Let all to celebrate his praise,
 Their grateful hearts, and lips employ,
 And all the remnant of our days
 Declare his saving pow'r with joy.
- 3 O let the record of the Lord,
 And his glad tidings be believ'd;
 Sinners give ear, and be restor'd,
 Approach in faith, and be receiv'd.
- 4 Behold! we need not fear, or doubt,
 Our debt is paid in Jesu's blood;
 God will, in no wise, cast us out,
 O! taste, and prove how God is good!

5 And

- 5 And while we seek his love to know,
Himself shall meet us in our way ;
Rivers of life in us shall flow
Encreasing to the perfect day !
- 6 Eternal, wise, and gracious God,
Before thy people hence depart,
Us sprinkled with thy healing blood,
And write thy gospel on our heart.
- 7 Confirm thy truth in ev'ry breast,
The witness let thy spirit be ;
Confess us thine, and let our rest
Be endless with thy saints, and thee.
-

H Y M N XXVIII.—S. M.

The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

P A R T I.

- 1 **L**ET us be glad, and sing ;
Let joy o'erflow our breast !
The marriage of the Lamb is come !
We're bidden to the feast.
- 2 The new *Jerusalem*,
The Lamb's espoused queen,
The holy city of our God
Comes down to dwell with men !

- 3 No more the *Hebrew* tribes
May *Salem's* temple seek ;
In humble hearts the Lord resides,
And there his glories speak.
- 4 The promis'd great high Priest,
All stain'd with holy blood,
Builds temples in the sons of men,
And seals them sons of God.
- 5 He humbly calls them friends,
Each soul his ark becomes ;
The peaceful dove with silver wings
There sheds divine perfumes.
- 6 There Jesus writes his law,
His kingdom there he brings ;
There dwells the Lord, the Lord of Hosts ;
There reigns the King of Kings !
- 7 All shall be taught of God
By oracles within ;
No more of man shall man enquire,
Nor be a slave to sin.
- 8 This ev'ry captive hear !
Forlake the shades of night ;
Arise, and watch, and seek by pray'r,
And Christ shall give you light.

The Second P A R T.

9 And ye devoted souls,
Who wait the Saviour's stay ;
Behold, for lo ! He comes, he comes,
Prepare the bridegroom's way.

10 See by his conq'ring hand
The *Dragon* wounded lies ;
Come, trample fearless on the foe,
And share a victor's prize !

11 How blest, and happy he,
Who overcomes the beast ;
He shall be call'd the child of God,
And God shall give him rest !

12 He fav'd by Christ from fear,
Shall hidden *Manna* eat ;
Shall be a pillar high in heav'n,
And take a conq'ror's seat !

13 No more shall he have pain,
Sorrow, or sin, or strife ;
God shall wipe all his tears away,
And give him endless life !

14 Wrapp'd in perpetual joys,
And mark'd with Jesu's name,
His soul shall pour forth praise to God,
And glory to the Lamb !

15 My master Jesus Christ,
O seal my heart to thee !
And when my soul is call'd away,
Thus happy let me be.

16 With all the holy saints,
And in the virgin throng,
Let me attend thy feast, and sing
The new eternal song !

H Y M N XXIX.—S. M.

At parting with friends.

1 **A**S ye, in Jesu's name,
His servants have receiv'd ;
And humbly (not regarding shame)
Our record have believ'd ;

2 So we your souls commend
To our Redeemer's care ;
May God, our master, be your friend,
While you still sojourn here.

3 May ye his favour prove,
And all his riches know,
Share in his everlasting love,
And taste his feast below.

4 May ye in Jesus die,
And when from flesh releas'd,
Obtain a mansion in the sky,
And there for ever rest.

5 Lord, hearken to our pray'r,
Thy faithful promise mind;
Those who receive us kindly here,
Permit thy heav'n to find.

6 While tir'd we seek the prize,
Refreshment they afford;
Let not their souls in any wise,
Fail of a saint's reward.

7 Bring near the joyful day,
When we again shall meet;
Where sighs and sorrows flee away,
At our *Immanuel's* feet.

8 Prepare our happy place,
Thither our wishes tend;
O! lead us safe by sov'reign grace,
To joys that never end.

H Y M N XXX.—C. M.

Under convictions.

1 **H**EAR me, thou dying lamb of God!
Because of sin I faint;
O let thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint.

Open the fountain of thy blood,
To mitigate my pain ;
Relieve a heavy laden soul,
Nor let me cry in vain !

2 Hear me, thou bleeding Saviour, hear !
Wash me, and make me clean,
Behold me on the brink of hell,
And save me from my sin.
Haste ! for my vileness weighs me down ;
The burden I sustain
Constrains me to entreat for help,
Compels me to complain.

3 Hear me, Redeemer of the world !
If thou delay to hear ;
My guilty soul must sink to hell,
And be tormented there !
I merit everlasting flames !
Nor have I ought to plead ;
Yet Jesus save that trembling soul,
For whom thy blood was shed.

4 Hear me, physician of the sick,
Unpitied see I mourn ;
Shew me thy peace, and let my soul
A second time be born !
Assume thy power, creator God !
And change my present state ;
After thine image, and thy will,
Again my soul create.

H Y M N XXXI.—C. M.

Another.

- 1 JESU, give mercy to my soul,
If mercy may be giv'n ;
For O ! I greatly have transgress'd,
And have offended heav'n.
- 2 Jesu, I had not dar'd to pray,
But sunk to hell my home,
Had not thy voice the sinner call'd,
And bid the weary come.
- 3 Too long, alas ! I have refus'd,
I made too long delay ;
Yet let my spirit know thy peace,
Tho' late in this my day.
- 4 Shine on me, O thou morning-star,
Who day eternal brings ;
Rise on me, sun of righteousness,
With healing in thy wings !
- 5 Pour forth the fountain of thy blood
To make my spirit whole ;
Let all thy merits, Lord, descend,
To purify my soul.
- 6 Forgive my sin, encrease my faith,
And thro' thy tender love,
Prepare a mansion for my soul
In realms of peace above.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXII. — C. M.

Distress of spirit.

- 1 **O** ! Who will pity my distress ?
Wretch, that I e'er was born ;
Pain'd with the absence of my peace,
Forsaken, and forlorn !
- 2 My sins, like armies in array,
Against my soul appear ;
And oh ! a wounded spirit, Lord,
What living man can bear ?
- 3 See, gracious God, my lost estate,
Disrob'd of ev'ry joy ;
Sad thoughts, and melancholy sighs
My mournful hours employ !
- 4 I call to heav'n in bitter cries,
But heav'n denies relief ;
Turn to man, but man appears
A stranger to my grief !
- 5 Thou, who didst feel, thou only know'st
The nature of my pain ;
Thou only see'st my secret pangs,
O see them not in vain !
- 6 Return, physician of my soul,
And ease my tortur'd breast !
Pour water on the thirsty ground,
And give the weary rest !
- 7 Father

- 7 Father, thy will, not mine be done ;
 Yet O my sorrows see !
 Saviour, regard my helpless cry,
 And haste to succour me !
- 8 Canst thou forget, thou man of griefs,
 Thy suff'rings on the tree ?
 Remember all those suff'rings, Lord,
 And haste to succour me !
- 9 'Tis now the prince of darkness reigns,
 O save me from this hour !
 O Jesu ! cast th' accuser down,
 And over-turn his pow'r.
- 10 Support, and lead me in the way
 By saints, and martyrs trod ;
 Assure me of thy friendship here,
 And bring me safe to God.

H Y M N XXXIII.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **W**EARY of thoughts I sit me down,
 Like one without relief ;
 Like one forsook by ev'ry friend,
 And thus I vent my grief.
- 2 Alas, my God ! for woe is me,
 In vain I seek for rest ;
 New doubts and troubles still oppress,
 And croud my laden breast.

- 3 Few footsteps of the Lord I see
By a faint glimmering light;
Great God! if mercy be for me,
O! lead my spirit right.
- 4 Look down, if Jesus dy'd for me;
If thou hast lov'd thy Son;
And let the spirit filling him
Direct me to thy throne.
- 5 I own the favour is too great,
And hardly dare implore;
I cannot rise to buy the bliss,
For I am lame and poor.
- 6 I nothing have, I nothing am,
And nothing can I plead;
But only Jesus dy'd for me,
For me the Saviour bled.
- 7 Till thou shalt bid me go, or come,
I will for help entreat;
I will not leave thy throne of grace,
But perish at thy feet.
- 8 Surely, my Lord, thy sinless veins
Empty'd themselves of blood;
That I might find salvation there,
And wash me in the flood.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIV.—S. M.

For perseverance.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Father, hear!
 And see a helpless worm;
 Shaken by ev'ry blast of wind,
 And mov'd by ev'ry storm.
 To seek thy courts, O God,
 My soul hath just begun;
 And fain thy wisdom I wou'd know,
 And fain would find thy Son.
- 2 But many terrors rise
 To cross my narrow road;
 So that I, trembling, hold the plough,
 And groan beneath the load:
 Lest I should turn aside,
 My breast is fill'd with fear,
 And lest perdition be my lot,
 Amaz'd, I make my pray'r.
- 3 O! shou'd I leave my search,
 Or fall from heav'nly light;
 Where wou'd my endless mansion be,
 But in eternal night!
 How fearful shou'd I die?
 How bid the world adieu?
 Or stand before the angry Lord?
 Or Jesu's vengeance view?
- 4 If I shou'd careless err,
 Or ever fall away,

How shou'd I meet the Lamb of God?

Or bear the judgement-day?

Dear Jesus, help my soul,
And hide me in thine hand,

Enable me to bear my cross,
And give me pow'r to stand.

5 Only my spirit seal,

And lade my breast with woe;

Awake ye winds, descend ye rains,

Ye floods of sorrows flow:

Saviour, encrease my grief,

And thicken yet my cloud,

Only thro' all my dismal way,

Prepare my path to God.

H Y M N XXXV.—C. M.

Bewailing.

1 **I** Am the man, whose eyes have seen
The Lord's afflicting rod;
I have a son of sorrows been
Before an angry God.

2 I long have groan'd beneath the smart
Of guilt, and fear, and dread!
And in the sorrows of my heart
Have many prayers made.

3 O blessed Advocate between
The angry Lord and man;
Procure me pardon for my sin,
And heal me of my pain.

4 Let

- 4 Let pity on me be bestow'd,
I faint if thou delay;
Reveal the virtues of thy blood,
And put my griefs away.
- 5 O be not always wroth, but turn
Thy threat'ning fury by;
Think on the suff'rings thou hast borne,
And haste to hear my cry.
- 6 I ask not life, nor wealth, nor ease,
Nor transitory things;
Lord Jesus fly to my release,
With healing in thy wings.
-

H Y M N XXXVI.

Complaining.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to my suit attend,
Say, art thou the sinner's friend?
Then on me thy mercy shew,
Then let me thy kindness know.
- 2 Thy own sorrows call to mind,
When thou suffer'dst for mankind;
Let them bind thee to forgive
One, who labours to believe.
- 3 One who labours, did I say?
Ah! who labours night and day;
Always compass'd in a cloud,
Always banish'd from my God.

- 4 O my Jesus, turn, and see ;
View the griefs that lie on me ;
Wars without, and fights within,
All occasion'd by my sin.
- 5 Do not, Lord, my woes forget,
Mind thy cross, and bloody sweat :
O ! regard thy cries and tears,
Think upon thy groans and pray'rs.
- 6 Didst thou our diseases bear ?
Didst thou our temptations share ?
Pity then, O pity me ;
Friendless, if forlook by thee.
- 7 Asks my Lord what I would have ?
My immortal spirit save :
This my stony heart remove,
This my soul renew, and prove.
- 8 Saviour stoop, to let me know
All thy holy will below ;
Shew me all my sins forgiv'n,
Shew my place prepar'd in heav'n.
- 9 Left I err, or turn aside,
Let thy Spirit be my guide ;
Lead me in the perfect road,
Then receive me up to God.

H Y M N XXXVII.—S. M.

The trembling seeker.

1 **L**ORD, I am poor, and weak,
 Soon from my hope remov'd;
 Help me, that I may rightly seek,
 And find I am belov'd.

2 The journey is too hard,
 The work is too severe;
 My troubled spirit, Lord, regard,
 And give me strength to bear.

3 Without thee I am dead,
 Yet speak the gracious word,
 And I shall raise my drooping head,
 And call my Jesus Lord.

4 I wou'd thy leisure stay,
 And bear thy chast'ning hand;
 The only thing for which I pray,
 Is, that I still may stand.

5 But O! without thee, Lord,
 I nothing right can do;
 I find no sweetness in the word,
 But threats, and clouds, and woe.

6 Attend to my complaint,
 The sinner's friend and mine;
 Hasten to supply thy servant's want,
 And let thy presence shine.

7 Saviour

7 Saviour, be near me still,
And make, and keep me poor;
With me thou art, but in me dwell,
And I can ask no more.

H Y M N XXXVIII.—C. M.

Desertion.

- 1 **R**ETURN, Redeemer, O return,
And let thy bowels move;
See how disconsolate I mourn,
Estranged from thy love.
- 2 Ah Lord! I know my faithless heart;
How I have slighted thee!
Yet let thy spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy face from me.
- 3 I have abus'd thy tender care,
Thy sweet embraces fled!
And now in tears I make my pray'r,
And guilty droop my head.
- 4 Alas! my Lord, my tears are vain;
See Jesu's healing stream;
Regard his sorrow and his pain,
And pardon me through him.
- 5 If open'd were his wounds for sin
And peace be purchas'd there;
Then let my soul be wash'd therein,
And all the virtues share.

D

6 Rise,

- 6 Rise, Lord, and let thy light return ;
O be not absent long !
Shine, and my soul shall cease to mourn,
And love be all my song.
-

H Y M N XXXIX.—C. M.

Visiting the sick.

- 1 **P**EACE from the Lord salute this house,
And all who dwell therein ;
Eternal peace be with the soul
Corrected for his sin.
- 2 Skilful physician of the flock,
The searcher of the reigns ;
Thou know'st the sorrows of our hearts,
Our sicknesses, and pains.
- 3 Then hasten to our brother's need,
O ! turn thee to his cry ;
Close to his heart, which pants for thee,
Thy bleeding side apply.
- 4 Dear Saviour, lend thy gentle hand,
Support his fainting head ;
Thy holy spirit give him aid,
Thy love make all his bed.
- 5 As yields the outward man to death,
And sense and life decay ;
So let the inner man increase,
And strengthen day by day.

- 6 If thou hast not already shewn,
 Now shew his sins forgiv'n;
 Assure his soul thy pray'rs have gain'd
 A place for him in heav'n.
- 7 Beyond the skies, when summon'd hence,
 O! let his spirit soar,
 To pleasures at the Lord's right hand,
 And joys for evermore.

H Y M N XL.—C. M.

A prayer for faith.

- 1 **H**AIL! Alpha, and Omega, hail!
 Author of all our faith;
 The finisher of all our hopes,
 The truth, the life, the path.
- 2 Hail! First, and Last, the morning-star!
 In whom we live and move;
 Encrease our little spark of faith,
 And multiply our love.
- 3 O! let us go from strength to strength,
 From grace to greater grace;
 From one degree of faith to more,
 Till we behold thy face.
- 4 Let that belief which Jesus taught,
 Be treasur'd in our breast;
 The evidence of unseen joys,
 The substance of our rest.
- D 2
- 5 The

- 5 The faith deliver'd to his saints,
 For this we may contend;
 For this, whereby our souls are sav'd,
 And we obtain our end.

H Y M N XLI.—C. M.

The solemn assembly.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! we meet to worship God,
 Let ev'ry soul depart,
 Who loves not Jesus Christ alone,
 Nor seeks him with his heart.
- 2 But ye, who wait to find the Lamb,
 In reverence draw near,
 And listen to his soft, still voice,
 The Lord, our God, is here.
- 3 Speak, Jesus, to the mourning soul,
 And bid its terrors cease ;
 Say to the sinner self-condemn'd,
 My blood hath bought thy peace.
- 4 Look on the fearful, see their doubts,
 And let their tears be dry ;
 Support the faint, and let them hear,
 " Be not afraid, 'tis I."
- 5 Ancient of Days descend, descend ;
 Awake Jehovah's Son ;
 Breath into these dry bones thy life,
 And make thy God-head known.

- 6 To bless the people thou hast lov'd,
Thy saving grace be nigh;
Let earth, and hell, and all our sin,
Before thy presence fly.
-

H Y M N XLII.—C. M.

Christian soldiers.

- 1 **W**HERE are the soldiers of the Lord,
Who are on Jesu's side?
Who bears the great Jehovah's sword
Against the *Dragon's* pride.
- 2 Ride on, and tread the serpent down,
Press forward to the prize;
Jesus holds out the purchas'd crown,
And beckons from the skies.
- 3 Be strong, and quit yourselves like men,
Whoe'er begins the war,
He that o'ercomes on high shall reign,
And have the morning-star.
- 4 Let all the army surely know,
What great rewards are giv'n;
Up ye weak souls, to conqu'ring go,
And seize the prize of heav'n.

H Y M N XLIII.—L. M.

I desire to know nothing but Christ.

- 1 JESUS, thou Son of God most high,
Who knows how weak we are, and frail,
In all temptations still be nigh,
And help us lest our faith should fail.
- 2 Thou seest our wants, and all our needs,
Our clouds, our doubts, our griefs, and fears;
O let our captive souls be freed,
And far remove our fruitless cares.
- 3 Our longings after thee thou know'st,
Our fervent wishes to be blest;
Deny us not the Holy Ghost,
To lead us to thy peaceful breast.
- 4 We ask not riches (if we do,
Turn from our suit, nor hear us pray :)
Pleasures and honours we forego,
And only seek the living way.
- 5 Tho' hungry here, and thirsty too,
We clamour not for earthly food;
Hunger we must 'till Christ we know,
And thirst 'till we have drank his blood.
- 6 We feel our poverty and shame,
And groan, but not for worldly things;
We wou'd be cover'd with the name
And spirit of the King of Kings.

- 7 Hear Lord, and our petitions grant,
We only ask a place in heav'n;
A part in paradise we want,
O let our mansions there be giv'n.
-

H Y M N XLIV——C. M.

True pilgrims.

- 1 **W**E travel home to endless rest,
Strangers and pilgrims here,
Invited to our Saviour's feast,
To reign for ever there.
- 2 No sweet enjoyment here below
Can charm our souls to stay;
The saints superior blessings know,
Who walk'd in Christ, our way.
- 3 Wealth, honours, pleasures we resign,
Which earth-born souls deceive;
Comforts eternal, things divine
Our needy souls relieve.
- 4 A dangerous way we have to pass,
With snares on every side;
Yet fear we not, almighty grace
Our weary steps shall guide!
- 5 The gate of heav'n wide open stands,
From far we see our home!
Where Jesus spreads his bleeding hands,
To shew that there is room.

- 6 Part of our family are gone !
 Let hell, or men despise ;
 In their blest'd steps we travel on,
 'Till we regain the skies !
- 7 We'll strive 'till we possess the crown,
 The righteous God shall give ;
 Nor will we lay our weapons down,
 'Till we the prize receive !
- 8 Still will we run, tho' still oppress'd,
 For heav'n shall end our race !
Amen ! and may we never rest,
 'Till there we find a place !

H Y M N XLV.—C. M.

The triumph of the church.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, Jehovah's arm ;
 O arm of God ! awake ;
 Rise, put on strength, spoil *Rahab's* pride,
 And let the *Dragon* quake.
- 2 Descend, as in the ancient time,
 As in the fathers day ;
 And let our souls, redeem'd from hell,
 Thy mighty valour praise.
- 3 Art thou not he that dry'd the sea,
 And made her waves obey ;
 And thro' the deep, and *Jordan's* streams
 Prepar'd thy people's way ?

Then let thy ransom'd *Israel* shout,
 Zion, thy God adore ;
Sorrow, and sighs shall flee away,
And tears shall be no more.

5 Come, ye redeem'd, return, return,
 Let praise your lips employ ;
Gladness and peace shall crown your heads,
 And everlasting joy.

6 The Lord, the high and lofty Lord
 Shall mark us with his name ;
The sacred shadow of his hand
 Shall cover us from shame.

7 Awake *Jerusalem*, awake,
 Drunken, but not with wine ;
Rise, O dejected city, rise,
 The Lord hath call'd thee mine.

8 Thy bitter cup is turn'd away,
 Let all thy children sing,
Break forth in songs afflicted flock,
 Your Maker is your King.

9 Awake, O *Sion*, put on strength,
 Array'd in bridal dress ;
Thy Prince attends before thy gate,
 The Lord, thy righteousness.

10 Rise from the dust, behold the light,
 Thy MARRIAGE-DAY is come ;
Prepare the way, ye virgin train
 And make the Bridegroom room.

D 5.

11. Attend

- 11 Attend, for lo! his feet appears,
Divine his message sings;
“*Sion*, thy God shall reign in thee,
“With healing in his wings.”
-

H Y M N XLVI.—C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O Lord Jesus, let me plead!
And thou my pleadings hear;
Thy love my sinful lips inspire,
Thy love accept my prayer.
- 2 Then give me, Lord, a filial soul,
A true obedient mind;
A heart unstain'd by vain desires,
A will to thee resign'd.
- 3 Whate'er delights a foolish world
May I refuse to share;
And undisturb'd pursue my way,
As but a stranger here.
- 4 If troubles rack my lab'ring soul,
Thou Lord remain my friend;
Thou be my lot when time shall cease,
And grief, and pain shall end.
- 5 Rugged, and thorny be my path,
So thou uphold my head;
And dark, and mournful be my way,
So thou my spirit lead.

- 6 Assist me, Lord, to persevere
In all my grief and pain;
O make me faithful to the end,
That I the crown may gain.
- 7 In all my journey to my Lord,
Let this my comfort prove;
That thou wilt love my weary soul
With everlasting love!
- 8 That thou wilt let me know thee mine,
And feel my sins forgiv'n;
That when my pilgrimage is o'er,
My soul shall rest in heav'n!
-

H Y M N XLVII.—L. M.

The Voice of the Seven Spirits.

- 1 **L**ET him that hath an ear to hear,
Attend the secret of the Lord!
And ye, who can receive with joy
The blissful promise of his word!
- 2 Hail conqueror, thou that overcom'st!
To thee a sacred fruit is giv'n;
Thy soul the Lord himself invites
To taste the tree of life in heav'n!
- 3 Bless'd warrior, who the vict'ry gains,
Faithful in Christ, and try'd by fire;
For thou shalt 'scape the second death,
And find the crown, thy soul's desire!
- 4 Victorious

- 4 Victorious soldier, leap for joy,
Hid *manna* shall become thy food;
A new white stone thy breast shall bear,
All written with the name of God!
- 5 Thrice happy he, who valiant proves,
And triumphs in the mystic war;
For he in power shall rule the lands,
And he shall have the MORNING STAR!
- 6 Whoe'er the dreadful battle wins,
Freely our Lord shall him confess;
The book of life shall bear his name,
His raiment Jesu's *righteousness*!
- 7 Hail victor! Well-belov'd of God,
A pillar in JEHOVAH's throne;
The secret name of God and Christ,
Shall seal thee his adopted son!
- 8 How glorious, who the conquest gains?
Who treads the way our Captain trod;
For he shall share the Saviour's throne,
And reign triumphant with his God!
- 9 Ye sealed spirits, taste your joy;
The heav'nly words in transport hear;
But ye, who choose delights below,
To search these sacred things forbear.

H Y M N XLVIII.—C. M.

An invitation to JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 **D**RAW near, ye souls of human race,
And hear the Saviour's fame;
His blood procures the sinners peace,
And takes away their shame.
- 2 Thro' him the spirit's fill'd with woe,
Eternal joys receive;
And they, who death's sad sentence know,
In him for ever live.
- 3 O be intreated guilty souls,
Nor spend your all for nought;
Come near, ye weak, and blind, and fools,
He will not cast you out.
- 4 Rise up, be reconcil'd to God,
Together let us strive;
Redemption's found in Jesu's blood,
And who so finds shall live.
- 5 Despise the former joys and mirth,
And seek the heav'nly prize;
Seek pleasures far beyond the earth,
And banquet with the wise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLIX.—C. M.

Longing for Glory.

- 1 **O** When shall I with God appear,
And in his presence shine!
When Lord, shall I thy supper share,
And lose my life in thine!
- 2 My body, soul, and spirit longs
For everlasting day!
I waiting pass (with mournful songs)
My tedious time away!
- 3 Others may love the things below,
And be on earth content;
But 'tis not with my spirit so,
I wail my banishment!
- 4 Yet if the holy counsel be,
That I this cross shou'd bear;
Amen! Lay what thou wilt on me,
Only my God be near!
- 5 I wou'd not murmur, I wou'd wait
Till thy salvation come;
Till thou shouldest change my helpless state,
And bear my spirit home.
- 6 I long to leave this wretched world?
To banquet on thy love;
I long to see my Saviour's face,
And all his goodness prove!

I long

- 7 I long to flee to thee my Lord,
Where griefs shall all be o'er!
When I shall see the holy land,
And mourn, and weep no more.
- 8 To see my friends the saints in light,
And full perfection know!
When from my heart in ceaseless streams
The well of life shall flow!

H Y M N L.—L. M.

The Beggar.

- 1 **N**EAR Jesus, the eternal door,
For entrance, Lo! I wait, and pray;
Like *Bartimeus*, blind, and poor,
My soul sits begging in the way.
- 2 O that the Lord, by love constrain'd,
Wou'd visit such an one as me;
Wou'd hearken to my suit unfeign'd,
Open my eyes, and let me see.
- 3 Great MEDIATOR, Prince of Peace,
For me, and other sinners slain;
My spirit from the curse release,
And let thy blood dissolve my chain.
- 4 A captive to the world I am,
A slave to ev'ry kind of sin;
I own my fall, confess my shame,
And come to thee to be made clean.

5 No one can save me but the Lord,
 Nothing but Jesus wou'd I have;
 Say, Master, say the gracious word,
 Stretch out thine hand, and touch, and save.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, thou able art
 To make me white as *Salmon's* snow;
 At once renew my evil heart,
 And make me holy here below.

7 This, only this, my Jesu grant,
 And write my name with thee above;
 Nothing in earth, or heav'n, I want;
 But only to be fill'd with love.

H Y M N LI.—L. M.

Desiring to be Upright.

1 O That I knew my Master's will!
 Knew what to do, and what to say;
 Knew how his pleasure to fulfil!
 And how to keep the perfect way!

2 Teach me, my God, and humbly stoop,
 To shew me all thy gracious mind;
 On me thy Spirit's light lift up,
 Nor longer lead thy servant blind.

3 Thee only wou'd I please, my Lord,
 From all myself I long to part;
 I loath myself, am self-abhorr'd,
 And griev'd I bear a stubborn heart.

- 4 Thou know'st how often, at a stand,
I reason what thy will may be ;
Between my own, and thy command,
Sin steals, and over-powers me !
- 5 Grant me the merit of thy blood,
And I shall truly then be sav'd !
No more shall I offend my God !
Or be to Satan re-inflav'd !
- 6 Only thine Holy Ghost reveal,
And let my soul by thee be led ;
And all thy mind, and all thy will
In, and by me shall be obey'd.
-

H Y M N LII.—L. M.

Employment.

- 1 **O** That my labours all may cease,
In thee, my God ; in thee, my peace !
May all I do, or think, or say,
Still bring me forward on my way.
- 2 I know the path that leads to God,
With trouble, woes, and grief is strew'd ;
Yet rather than I back wou'd turn,
I'd wander all my days forlorn.
- 3 Only, dear Lord ! prepare my seat
Beneath my blessed master's feet !
The meanest place thy courts afford,
So I behold my smiling Lord.

E

4 Only

- 4 Only above preserve my crown,
Let friends be cold, and kinsfolks frown;
No worldly wealth shall court my care,
Thy presence only wou'd I share.
- 5 How gladly would I yield my breath,
And bow my ready head to death;
If thou the pard'ning word proclaim,
And mark my forehead with thy name!
- 6 My heav'n is thine—if thou wou'd'st say,
How gladly wou'd I flee away;
Blest with my Saviour's throne in view!
How joyful bid the world adieu!
-

H Y M N LIII.—S. M.

Fear.

- 1 **Q**UITE weary, near to faint,
I my hard lot deplore;
I wou'd myself with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my pow'r.
I know my dang'rous state,
Still carnal, sold to sin,
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,
Have all my doings been.
- 2 How many gracious days
Have I mispent, and lost?
(Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,
And made of sin my boast?)

Alas ! those days are gone,
 Those golden days are o'er ;
 The gospel year, which lately shone,
 Perhaps, may shine no more.

3 O ! whither shall I fly,
 If God has me forsook ?
 To whom may I for mercy cry ?
 Or, where for refuge look ?
 How shall I meet the Lord ?
 Or, how his anger bear ?
 When I shall see his flaming sword,
 And banner in the air.

4 When by the trumpet's sound,
 The dead to life shall come,
 And all, who slumber under ground,
 Shall rise to hear their doom :
 When time shall have an end,
 When Jesus, in a cloud,
 Shall with his angel host descend,
 And with the trump of God.

5 O Lord, my crimes forgive,
 If I may be forgiv'n ;
 And with thy chosen me receive,
 When thou shalt come from heav'n.
 Spare me, in mercy spare ;
 Wash me, and make me clean ;
 And fit me for the day, when here
 I shall no more be seen.

H Y M N LIV. — S. M.

Follow me.

- 1 **S**ERVANTS of God arise,
Awake, and understand;
The world's delusive gifts despise,
And look to God's right hand :
There is your happy place
By Jesus Christ prepar'd ;
Ye sons of sorrow, and of grace
There is your great reward.
- 2 Who wou'd be here content,
Where nought but troubles flow ;
When we may leave our banishment,
And endless sabbath know ?
Up ev'ry laden soul,
Ye weary, and forlorn ;
Your Father, good, and merciful,
Invites you to return.
- 3 All we with sorrows tir'd,
Wou'd fain a sabbath find ;
The heav'nly land have we desir'd,
And left our all behind :
For this alone we look,
For this alone we pray ;
And in the dark, as men forsook,
We tread our weary way.
- 4 Jesus, the pilgrim's guide,
Contider our distress ;

We wander in a desert wide,
 And mourn without redress :
 Yet if it be the way,
 If we may find thee here,
 Thy holy pleasure we obey,
 And humbly persevere.

5 If heav'n may be our rest,
 And thou our souls wilt guide ;
 We ask no more, no more request,
 Nor ask we ought beside !
 Let us but reach at last
 The palace of our God ;
 The bitter cup we'll gladly taste,
 And run the rugged road.

H Y M N LV.—C. M.

The Prodigal.

1 **W**HEN I bewail my banishment,
 How all my pow'r is gone ;
 My kingdom lost, my graces spent,
 I thus my fall bemoan.

2 Sighing, I say what shall I do ?
 For I, tho' heaven-born,
 No more my royal state may know ;
 How can I choose but mourn !

3 My Father's house with joys abound,
 There endless pleasures flow ;
 While I in pining want am found,
 Feeding on husks below.

E 3.

4 And

- 4 And must I ever thus remain
Banish'd my Father's home ?
Return, my soul, go back again,
In sin no longer roam.
- 5 Perhaps, my Father may forgive,
I will arise, and see ;
Who knows, but he may still receive
A son so vile as me !
- 6 Unworthy to be call'd thy child,
Lo ! I approach thy throne ;
Lord, if thou wilt be reconcil'd,
Embrace, and kiss thy son.
- 7 Give me not up to just despair,
My rebel state I mourn ;
Return, and hear a sinner's pray'r,
Father, at last return.
- 8 My garments rags, and fig-leaves are ;
Take off the hateful dress ;
Bring the best robe, let me appear
In Jesu's righteousness.
- 9 'Tis all I ask, I cannot rest,
Till thou my wants relieve ;
Father, fulfil my late request,
To me my Saviour give.

H Y M N LVI.—C. M.

Before preaching.

1 **S**TRETCH out thine arm, eternal Lord !
 Thy people seek, and save :
 To day let rebels be restor'd !
 Open the sinner's grave !

2 Enlighten every blinded eye,
 While truth thy mind declares :
 And while thy wisdom makes her cry,
 Give to the people ears !

3 Awake, O God, convince of sin
 The souls lock'd up in death :
 On those who sleep secure, unclean,
 Thy quick'ning spirit breathe !

4 Awaken all our slumb'ring land !
 Thy will aloud proclaim :
 Let stubborn sinners be constrain'd
 To bow to Jesu's name !

5 Make known thy everlasting word !
 And write it on our hearts :
 And give (what thou requirest Lord)
Truth in the inward parts.

H Y M N LVII.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **A**RISE, O God, the heavens bow !
And condescend to hear :
Regard the remnant left below,
And answer to our pray'r.
- 2 We ask not wealth, nor seek we ease,
Thee, Lord, we want alone :
O make our heart thy resting place,
And there erect thy throne !
- 3 Stir up thy pow'r, thy strength reveal,
To us a Saviour come :
Us with thy healing presence fill,
Our souls shall give thee room.
- 4 Let not our former sins prevent
Thy love, or make thee stay :
Let nothing stop thy sweet descent,
Dear Jesus, come away !
- 5 We know our own unworthiness,
Our poverty, and shame :
And humbly seek our health, and peace,
In thy auspicious name !

H Y M N

H Y M N LVIII.—L. M.

Another.

1 **T**HY gracious promise Lord we plead,
 To many generations made,
 Where two or three shall join in pray'r,
 Thou said'st, *I also will be there.*

2 In Jesu's name, we meet to-day,
 Thy pow'r amidst us, now display:
 View ev'ry heart, and kindly move
 To change the stony into love.

3 Whate'er thou needful see'st, bestow;
 And how to serve thee rightly shew:
 Inspire our thoughts, assist our pray'r,
 And humbly bow thine ears to hear.

4 We look to find thy Spirit nigh,
 Who shall our every want supply;
 Who us shall teach to know the Lord,
 Fulfilling all thy holy word.

5 Without thy pow'r we only sin,
 And clouds and darkness rise within:
 Without thy light we nothing know,
 Nor any thing well-pleasing do.

6 Send thou the gift so long foretold,
 The promis'd leader of thy fold:
 Pour out on us thy righteousness,
 Thy changeless love, thy steadfast peace.

7 We

- 7 We all our wants to thee commend,
And shall, till here our warfare end;
Then with thine hosts will we adore
Thy grace O God, for evermore !

H Y M N LIX.—C. M.

The Call.

- 1 **H**O ye who thirst ! Who streams desire !
Draw near and waters buy :
Ye wand'ring souls, whom journeys tire
Eternal rest is nigh !
- 2 Look to the cross, ye thirsty see
The blood of Jesu's side !
Beneath the shadow of this tree,
The weary may abide.
- 3 Lo ! from his head in streams divine,
Flow mingled tears and blood :
Water to cleanse, and blood to sign
The sinner born of God !
- 4 Here may the guilty leave their guilt,
The needy satisfy'd :
For this the blood of Christ was spilt,
For this the Saviour dy'd !
- 5 Despair not, O ye fallen race !
Ye here may be renew'd :
And born again, and sav'd by grace,
And cleans'd in Jesu's blood.

H Y M N

H Y M N LX.—L. M.

Calling or inviting sinners.

- 1 MY Jesus, Lord, inspire my tongue,
 Thy mercy shall be all my song :
 To all I know, will I declare
 The riches that in thee appear.
- 2 The weary souls will I invite,
 And those who wander void of light,
 To come to thee, to thee to bow ;
 That they like me, thy love may know.
- 3 I'll tell the lost, despairing poor,
 No more to doubt, to fear no more ;
 I'll say, *for you* CHRIST JESUS dy'd,
My Lord for you was crucify'd.
- 4 Sinners, (of whom my soul is chief)
 Who groan, oppress'd with guilt, and grief,
 Who bear a heart more hard than stone,
 My Jesu's tears shall melt it down.
- 5 Ye naked, be ye not afraid,
 Nor ye who long like sheep have stray'd,
 The cloath'd need not the Holy Ghost,
 Nor those the Lord, who are not lost.
- 6 The greater sinners ye have been,
 The more your guilt, the more your sin,
 The more you want the Saviour's grace,
 The more you want him for your peace.

- 7 O do not flay, to Jesus come,
He bids me tell you, *there is room,*
Room for the vilest ! he will give,
Nor casts out any who believe.
- 8 God will not keep his Son conceal'd
If you are willing to be heal'd :
Who ever will may come and prove
The height, and depth of heav'nly love !
-

H Y M N LXI.—C. M.

Another.

- 1 **U**P, O ye flock ! ye sheep esteem'd !
By Christ, the Lord of all :
Rise up, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
And hear your shepherd call !
- 2 He bids you to his pasture *come,*
Invites you to his throne :
Ye poor in spirit there is room.
For you, and you alone.
- 3 To you lost sheep, who long have stray'd
He gracious calls, *come in :*
Come, for your price, your debt is paid,
You may be sav'd from sin.
- 4 Attend, and may our God behold,
And meekly stoop to meet,
And give the kingdom to the fold,
Now waiting at his feet.

HYMN

H Y M N LXII.—L. M.

After Sermon.

- 1 **W**E'LL join to bless our gracious Lord,
And praise him for his holy word;
We, who like sheep have gone astray,
Have heard the Shepherd's voice to-day !
- 2 We come Lord Jesus ! O receive
Thy wand'ring Lambs, and let us live :
Our guilt we know, our sin we own,
For us, O let thy blood atone !
- 3 Thro' thee the Lamb for sinners slain,
Let us be reconcil'd again ;
Again be born, in thee to rise,
To share thy Father's paradise !
- 4 We now confess thy gospel true,
Without thee, *nothing can we do* :
Descend, and with our spirits dwell,
And there thy love, thy peace reveal.
- 5 O that thou would'st not long delay !
Nor send us empty now away :
We hunger Lord, we thirst for thee,
And must, till thee by faith we see.
- 6 *All things are ready !* Lord come in,
Our heart and head, are sick of sin :
Our souls are pain'd, we all things want,
Come dear Physician, or we faint !

H Y M N

H Y M N LXIII.—C. M.

On the Barren Tree.

- 1 **A** Barren tree I long have grown,
 Ah! very many years:
 Yet still (thro' mercy) not cut down,
 Still me my MAKER spares!
- 2 No fruit of righteousness, or good,
 I to my Master yield:
 Nor can, till water'd with his blood,
 Till with his Spirit fill'd.
- 3 Justly e'er now th' Almighty's sword
 (For this my barrenness)
 Had cut me off; but O! my Lord,
 Sav'd me, thro' sovereign grace.
- 4 My Jesus to his Father cry'd!
 To spare th' unfruitful tree:
 And often since hath strove, and try'd,
 With vile, ungrateful me!
- 5 Bless'd husbandman, whose grace alone,
 Can make me fertile prove,
 Dig round about my heart of stone,
 And store the ground with love.
- 6 Gently cut off the former stock,
 And graft me into thee;
 And daily from the living rock,
 With blood, O water me!

- 7 Rememb'ring I am dust, me spare
 A longer chain of days :
 And all the fruit that I shall bear,
 Lord order to thy praise !

H Y M N LXIV——L. M.

On MARY the Sinner.

- 1 O That my sinful soul might fit
 Like *Mary* at my Master's feet !
 Like her's, my tears shou'd plenteous flow,
 And silence shou'd declare my woe.
- 2 When CHRIST to dine with *Simon* came,
 The simple maid (forgetting shame)
 The preacher follow'd, and went in
 To *Simon's* house convinc'd of sin.
- 3 A time the Lord permits her tears,
 His snowy feet the torrent bears :
 While quite a stranger to her pain,
Simon beheld her with disdain.
- 4 He wonder'd why the holy Lord
 Suffer'd a wretch so much abhorr'd !
 To touch his feet ; and dubious thought,
If CHRIST a prophet was, or not ?
- 5 'Twas then IMMANUEL kindly shew'd,
 How sinners were receiv'd by God :
 Mov'd by his grace, to love, and save,
 The woman's sins he then forgave.

6 Dear

- 6 Dear MASTER JESUS ! let thine eye
Regard my suit and misery ;
Remit my sin, and hide my shame,
And much, my soul shall love thy name.
-

H Y M N LXV.—L. M.

On the Sower.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! my soul, how few are found,
Who have the seed on fruitful ground.
How many thousand souls receive
The gospel-feed, yet disbelieve !
- 2 Some by the way-side hear the word,
And look no farther for the Lord :
The busy fiends, like birds of prey,
Attend, and steal it soon away.
- 3 Others, as on a rock untill'd,
Receive the seed, with gladness fill'd :
But quickly, lacking deeper root,
It dies away, nor brings forth fruit.
- 4 In otherfome the seed is sown,
Whose land with thorns is overgrown :
These choke the word, no fruit it bears,
But withers soon, and disappears.
- 5 O sower ! Jesus sent by God,
Softens my stony heart, with blood :
Pluck up the thorns, which grow in me,
Make me become a fruitful tree.

- 6 Left Satan steal away the word,
Watch o'er me with a flaming sword !
In mighty pow'r, O drive away !
The fiends, who wait as birds of prey.
 - 7 From earthly pleasures, riches, cares,
Those choking thorns, those fatal tares,
Deliver me ; and let thy grace
Grow up within me, to thy praise !
 - 8 Encrease the breathing of thy love,
And I shall very fruitful prove :
Nourish the seed, and give it root,
And thou alone shalt have the fruit.
-

H Y M N LXVI.—C. M.

On the Ten Virgins.

- 1 **T**HE Bridegroom Christ, *the sinners friend !*
(A voice proclaims) shall come :
The children of the Bride attend,
To light him to his room.
- 2 Rous'd from the bed of carnal sloth,
The wise, and foolish wait :
The lamp profession shines with both !
While at the Bridegroom's gate.
- 3 But as he tarries, general sleep
Seizes the careless train :
Close slumbers on their eyelids creep,
And lulls to rest their brain.

F

4 The

- 4 The wiser few (lest they should lack)
Took oil their lamps to feed :
While others quite forgot to take
Provision for their need.
- 5 Then came the Bridegroom ! then awoke
The wise, and at the word,
Their burning lamps, they joyful took,
And met (prepar'd) the Lord !
- 6 The foolish wak'd,—but O ! too late
Their lamps were quite gone out :
They ask'd for oil, but found the gate
(Where oil was sold) was shut.
- 7 These were professors—such alone,
Who Jesus never knew :
Who ne'er receiv'd the *secret stone*,
Whose lamps were only shew.
- 8 No oil from Christ, did they provide,
No unction from above :
Sought no supply from Jesu's side,
Felt only carnal love.
- 9 But wiser some that oil receiv'd
Truth in the inward parts,
And in his grace, whom they believ'd,
Nourish their flaming hearts.
- 10 So may I, Lord, my lamp prepare,
With thy sufficient grace :
That when the judgment trump I hear,
I may awake in peace.

- 11 When in the last, and dreadful night ;
Thou every work shalt prove :
O may my lamp burn clear, and bright,
In flames of endless love !
-

H Y M N LXVII.—L. M.

Look unto Me and be ye saved.

WHO thirsts for Christ! who Jesus want?
With boldness to his cross draw nigh:
Ye hungry, who for mercy pant,
Look up and see a Saviour die !

2 Behold his tears how fast they flow !
How thick the precious drops run down :
Hard hearted souls, he weeps for you !
For you the briny streams atone !

3 See from his temples issue forth
(Pierc'd by the thorns) a purple flood :
O that ye sinners knew its worth !
'Tis precious! 'tis redeeming blood !

4 Spread wide, behold his bleeding hands !
Thereby he shews his willingness
To embrace all nations, tongues, and lands,
Who bow to him, who him confess.

5 The stripes the soldiers him hath giv'n,
Shall heal the sinner's broken heart :
Shall purchase peace for him, and heav'n,
And save him from his just desert.

- 6 So bleeds his feet, so from his side
The sacred torrent freely flows:
That in the stream he might confide,
Whom sins oppress, and guilt, and woes.
- 7 Like men afraid, methinks I see
The guilty tremble round their God!
Amaz'd before his Majesty!
Not daring to approach his blood.
- 8 Fear not ye rebels, bold approach,
No more ye naked souls desist:
O rather come, and love ye much,
Our pard'ning Lord, our precious Christ.
- 9 He loves you, O! ye sinful throng
Bow down, and be ye sav'd by grace:
Consent ye needy, old and young,
Consent, and proffer'd love embrace!
- 10 O come! and cast ye helpless down,
As clay unfit for any use:
The Saviour will not such disown,
Such he delights to love and chuse.

H Y M N LXVIII.—C. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **C**OME let us join to bless the Lord
The only wise and good,
By whom alone we are restor'd,
And ransom'd by his blood.

- 2 To-day his flock he meets in peace,
Glad tidings, lo ! He brings :
To-day is call'd the *Day of Grace*,
A day of holy things !
- 3 To-day the messenger is sent :
To call the banish'd home :
The lost, the poor, the impotent,
And those who weary roam.
- 4 May we have ears, and pow'r to hear
The reconciling word :
And find the life, and ever share
Th' indwelling of the Lord.
- 5 May we with Jesus be inspir'd,
And see with joy his day :
Which many prophets have desir'd,
But went by night their way.
- 6 Let mercy thee O God compel,
To bring us to thy Son ;
And with us stay, and in us dwell,
And us with glory crown.

H Y M N LXIX.—C. M.

Praise.

THE kingdom of our Christ is come,
His pow'r and strength is known :
Th' accuser hears his righteous doom,
Our Saviour casts him down.

F 2

a The

- 2 The war is over! Jesus reigns,
Let heav'n their Lord adore :
The serpent groans in heavy chains,
Cast down to rise no more !
- 3 Rejoice ye brethren, sons of God,
Salvation now is come !
The merit of IMMANUEL's blood,
Strikes the accuser dumb.
- 4 Exalt his everlasting name !
And worthy blessing pay :
Aloud in all the earth proclaim,
He takes our sins away !
- 5 In his redemption there is room
For you, ye sons of men !
Believe in Christ, and overcome;
And with our Saviour reign.
- 6 Rejoice ye weeping saints below !
By fiends, and men abhorr'd :
The kingdoms of the world are now,
The kingdoms of our Lord !

H Y M N LXX.—C. M.

A Hymn to Christ.

- 1 **S**ING we to God, him let us bless
Who sitteth on the throne :
For he becomes our righteousness !
Our peace and joy alone !

2 With

- 2 With love, as with the cords of men
He drew us to his cross :
Shew'd us himself, there bruise'd and slain,
And how he dy'd for us !
- 3 He saw us when in our own blood,
And guilt, we cover'd lay :
And pity mov'd the Lamb of God,
To take our sins away !
- 4 Love caus'd a fountain in his side,
Wherein he made us clean :
Said to us *live, be justify'd,*
And we were born again !
- 5 When underneath his wrath we groan'd,
Afflicted, and oppress'd ;
His Spirit in our need we found,
Directing us to rest.
- 6 All that have happ'ned since our birth,
He order'd for our good :
The sins contracted on the earth,
He cover'd with his blood.
- 7 He saw us in our misery,
When sin had pierc'd our soul :
And said, *Look up, my sufferings see,*
My wounds shall make you whole.
- 8 We look'd obedient to his word,
And found him good, and true :
Found rich redemption in the Lord,
Whom we in sinning slew.

- 9 And shall not we his name adore ?
We will while we have breath !
We'll praise the hand for evermore !
Which rescu'd us from death !
-

H Y M N LXXI.—C. M.

Comfort ye my People.

- 1 **A**TTEND ye souls who wait for God,
Who look for inward bliss :
Who seek the strait, and narrow road,
And follow righteousness.
- 2 Tho' here distress'd, and griev'd ye roam,
As in a foreign place ;
Your Father soon shall call you home,
And you shall see his face.
- 3 There all the sons of grief and pain,
Who Jesu's cross have borne,
Shall glorious with their Master reign
And never thence return.
- 4 There weary pilgrims rest in peace
Where foes molest no more :
As shipwreck'd men from dang'rous seas,
So they escape to shore.
- 5 The wicked them no more shall grieve,
Nor wrongs shall them oppress :
Brought unto God, in him they live,
In ceaseless happiness !

6 Gracious

- 6 Gracious Redeemer, true and good,
Me in their number tell :
With them in robes wash'd white in blood,
Let me for ever dwell !
-

H Y M N LXXII.—C. M.

The house of God.

- 1 **T**HIS is the house to entertain
The pilgrims in their road :
A place of rest for those in pain,
Who follow after God.
- 2 Here may the weary trav'lers stay,
Here (as from *Pisgah*) see
Their country, and be shewn the way,
Where they desire to be.
- 3 Turn in ye people, for the house
Is Christ's, and he is here :
His servants built it for his use,
It is the house of pray'r.
- 4 Here, (for the precious babes of God)
The word like milk is giv'n :
And here is preach'd the Saviour's blood,
The only way to heav'n !
- 5 Refreshment here the banish'd find,
And strengthen'd here go on :
Till heav'nly joys regale their mind
And all their work is done.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **B**RETHREN let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy, and peace :
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right-hand in heav'n !
- 2 Master see to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou :
Thou the blessed Virgin's feed,
Glory of thy church, and head !
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise our Priest, our King :
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by thee wrought :
Wrought for all thy church ! and we
Worship in their company !
- 5 We thy little flock adore,
Thee the Lord for evermore !
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above !

H Y M N LXXIV.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise !
Glorious in his works and ways !

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way, the fathers trod :
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see !

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !
Christ our advocate is made :
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock ! and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward ?

5 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand,
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

- 7 For thee all things we forsake,
We of better wou'd partake :
We to greater blessings soar,
Unto joys for evermore.
- 8 Seal our love, our labours end,
Let us to thy bliss ascend :
Let us to thy kingdom come ;
Lord, we long to be at home.
-

H Y M N LXXV.—L. M.

For Ministers waiting upon God.

- 1 GREAT Master by thy Father sent,
Eternal, true, omnipotent !
To know thy counsel, we are here ;
In ev'ry heart thy mind declare.
- 2 Behold ! thy witnesses, and shew,
Thy children whither we shou'd go :
Till ends the world, them never leave,
Or till thou them to heav'n receive.
- 3 Appoint our work, and let our will
Be subject to thine orders still ;
Obedient may we always prove,
Below on earth, in heav'n above !
- 4 Our lips inspire with such a coal,
As warm'd *Isaiah's* pious soul :
And thro' our message, thro' our word,
Bring many children to the Lord :

- 5 Comfort by us the comfortless,
The souls who feel their sinfulness :
And make our voice like thunder sound,
To thole who never Jesus found !
- 6 Ready (unworthy as we are)
We wait thy counsel, Lord, to hear :
Say thou the word, *Go preach*, and we
Will go, and testify of thee !
- 7 But send us, Lord, where thou wilt come,
And tho' the work be burdentome,
Or tho' the place be far, or near,
We go—and thou shalt meet us there !
- 8 When our own wisdom us shall lead,
Or our own knowledge fill our head,
Tear down the idol ! in its room
Let thy clear inspiration come !
- 9 Let filial fear, presumption move,
Humble us daily, in thy love :
And now, and always let us see,
The open door, and follow thee.
-

H Y M N LXXVI.—C. M.

Self-Denial.

- 1 **P**URPOS'D in Jesu's steps to tread ;
At our Redeemer's call ;
By his Almighty Spirit led,
We (joyful) leave our all.

2 To

- 2 To lands and houses here below,
We bid a long farewell,
To pleasures, honours, profits too,
For those unspeakable.
- 3 For better worlds we this refuse,
And hazard all we have :
Our life below we hate ; and chuse
A life beyond the grave.
- 4 Our reputation, name, and ease,
For Jesus we despise :
Nothing on earth our souls can please ;
We thirst for paradise !
- 5 Here, we foretaste the grapes of joy !
Of righteousness and peace :
And wait, till God shall quite destroy
All our unholiness !
- 6 We wait, to Sion looking up,
There longing to appear !
And journey, having Christ our hope,
That we shall soon be there.

H Y M N LXXVII.—L. M.

Pleading at the throne of grace.

- 1 **A**TTEND thou humble Son of man,
(Who reign'd the Lord e'er time began)
Yet lately veil'd thee in our clay !
To take our sin, our guilt away.

Our

- 2 Our ears have heard our fathers tell,
(Who thro' thee were redeem'd from hell)
How weary sinners found in thee,
A resting place from misery.
- 3 The ancient people have declar'd,
And gladly we their record heard,
How good to guilty souls thou wert,
How tender to the broken heart!
- 4 In former days, in ages past,
Thou bid'st the heavy laden cast
On thee their burden; O! that now
Such favour thou to us would'st show.
- 5 The prophets, and th' apostles said,
That thou their Master, thou their head,
Shoud'st never change; but be the same
To all, who call upon thy name!
- 6 If right thy spake, fulfil their word;
And manifest, and shew us, Lord,
The love to our fore-fathers shewn:
And thee will we adore alone!
-

H Y M N LXXVIII. — C. M.

*For the most part taken out of Te Deum; or the
Song of St. Ambrose.*

- 1 **W**E sing to thee, thou Son of God!
Who sav'd us by thy grace:
We praise thee, Son of Man! whose blood
Redeem'd our fallen race.

2 We

- 2 We thee acknowledge, God and Lord,
Father ere time began :
Thou art by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.
- 3 To thee, all angels cry aloud !
Thro' heav'ns extended coasts :
Hail, holy, holy, holy God,
Of all immortal hosts.
- 4 The Cherubin, and Seraphin,
Continual sing to thee :
The worlds, and all the pow'rs therein,
Adore thy Majesty.
- 5 The prophets goodly fellowship,
In milky garments drest,
Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
The fulness of thy rest.
- 6 Th' apostles glorious company,
Thy righteous praise proclaim :
The martyr'd army glorify
Thy everlasting name !
- 7 Thro' all the world thy churches join,
T' acknowledge thee the head :
Father of Majesty divine !
Who ev'ry pow'r hath made.
- 8 Also thy true and only Son,
Thy family confess :
King of thy saints, in us made known,
The Lord our righteousness.

- 9 Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
The Spirit of the Lord :
The Comforter, whose kindling rays,
Our dying souls restor'd.
- 10 Thou, Jesus, didst not once abhor
The Virgin Mary's womb ;
But took'st her flesh, and then in pow'r
Didst death and sin o'ercome.
- 11 The kingdom then thou open'dst wide,
For all who should believe :
Thy wounds were doors ; thy hands, feet, side,
To sinners entrance give.
- 12 Among their number we presume,
Sav'd by thy precious blood :
Reign here, and in the world to come,
O everlasting God !
-

H. Y. M. N. LXXIX.—C. M.

Resting under the Cross.

- 1 CHILDREN of *Isr'el*, see what shade
The cross does us afford :
It was for weary trav'lers made :
We thank thee for it, Lord.

- 2 Awhile sit down, and we'll prepare
To sing his worthy fame,
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here :
Christ Jesus is his name.

G

3 *Gethsemane*

- 3 *Gethsemane* is witness still
How often there he cry'd :
So is the cross, and *Calv'ry's* hill,
Where our great Master dy'd.
- 4 We sing thy suff'rings, wounds, and blood,
The virtue of thy pain :
We sing thy griefs, thou dying God !
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 5 We sing the merit of thy tears,
The merit of thy groans ;
Thy bloody-sweat, th' availing pray'rs,
For these have made us sons.
- 6 We sing for joy, that heaviness
Did once oppress thy soul :
For thro' thy grief we find our ease,
Thy stripes have made us whole.
- 7 We hail thee, thou by *Jews* revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee :
Hail, very God ! the promis'd child,
The prophets sang of thee.
- 8 We are thy living witnesses,
Who testify that thou
Art sinners righteousness and peace ;
For we have prov'd thee so.
- 9 While others sing the *unknown* God,
We each will sing of thee :
Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
And lov'd and dy'd for me !

H Y M N LXXX.—S. M.

- 1 **I**N every place dear Lamb,
Where we may be allow'd,
Will we be speaking of thy name,
And talking of thy blood.
- 2 Nor may we e'er forget
To ask thee, Saviour, still,
To be with us, where'er we meet:
Lest we transgress thy will.
- 3 And Oh! how sweetly sounds
Thy blood, thy name, thy cross!
Thy passions, suff'rings, cries, and wounds,
For all belong to us!
- 4 O Lamb! thy sinless blood,
Our wounded hearts shall heal:
Thy cross shall bring us nigh to God,
Thy name our bliss shall seal.
- 5 Thy passion shall appease
The wrath of hostile heav'n:
Thy suff'rings shall our conscience ease,
Shall shew our guilt forgiv'n.
- 6 Thy cries our peace obtain'd,
And in thy wounds (the pools)
We, who with crimson guilt were stain'd
Wash white our weary souls.

7 Thy death our life has bought,
Thy tomb hid all our sin;
For with thy flesh our ev'ry fault,
And curse, and death went in.

8 Thy rising from the dead
Us justified to God:
And by ascending, thou hast made
Thy heav'n our sure abode.

H Y M N LXXXI.

1 COME, my Father's family!
Ye ransom'd of the Lord;
Come, ye sinners, who with me
Are every where abhor'd:
Let us gladly trace his steps,
Who suffer'd death among the *Jews*:
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

2 Jesus, the despis'd, and mean,
Our Master, let us own:
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Saviour he alone;
Let us take, and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be,
Mock'd and slighted as he was
For you, my friends, and me.

- 3 None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore:
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praise may claim,
None but Jesus, call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!
-

H Y M N LXXXII.—C. M.

- 1 **L**O! we are journeying home to God,
Bid by the Spirit, Come:
And in the way his children trod,
We seek our Father's home.
- 2 We walk a narrow path, and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak:
Yet soon shall we have rest enough,
In those blest courts we seek.
- 3 Upon mount Sion's distant top,
A Lamb our eyes behold!
'Tis Jesus—look ye children up!
He calls us to his fold.
- 4 We see him with his raiment red,
As tho' besmear'd with blood;
As newly slain he stands—he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

5 Farewell, false, treach'rous world, farewell,
To better worlds we go ;
We travel with our God to dwell,
To cease from toil below.

6 To all mankind we bid adieu,
But those with Jesus join'd :
Mortals, we may not stay with you,
We look to things divine.

7 Deluded long we here have been,
But now we farther see ;
We see the land where perfect men
Have true tranquility.

8 Our Saviour tells us, there is room
For us ; and we believe :
We come, Lord Jesus, lo ! We come ;
Thy promis'd kingdom give.

9 Content, and glad, the cross we take,
Before ordain'd by thee ;
We ALL, to follow thee, forsake,
And in the way agree.

10 Hated, and mock'd, and disesteem'd,
We yet unshaken run :
So still enable thy redeem'd,
Until our work be done.

11 And when the voice of death we hear,
" God now requires you hence ;"
May each in glorious robes appear
With thine inheritance.

H Y M N LXXXIII.—C. M.

For a Feast of Charity.

1 **A**TTEND, ye daughters of the King!
We bid you to our feast:

And lo! we come, and Jesus bring
In our devoted breast.

2 A feast of charity we keep,
A sign of that above:
There soon shall all our Saviour's sheep
Banquet on Jesu's love.

3 Till we the happy country see,
Where ceases sin and fear;
Beneath the cross, that shady tree,
We'll rest contented here.

4 Our bread, and water, plainest food,
We'll thankfully partake;
And bless our Lord, who makes it good,
To us for Jesu's sake.

5 Eternal streams of water soon
Shall quench our sister's thirst:
To living bread shall you sit down,
And feast among the just.

6 Hail, happy souls! ye call'd shall see
The supper of the Lamb:
And you among our company
Shall shout our Saviour's name.

G 4

7 We

- 7 We know we shall, and thank the hand
That seal'd us this to share :
Come, brethren, then, and to the land
With us in hymns repair.
-

H Y M N LXXXIV.—C. M.

Receiving a Minister.

- 1 **H**OW beautiful upon the hills
The preacher's feet appear !
How sweet the voice of peace distils
In ev'ry open ear !
- 2 Glad tidings shall the meek receive ;
The bruis'd shall mourn no more :
The deaf shall hear, the dead shall live,
Riches shall bless the poor.
- 3 Thy every messenger, O God,
Do we rejoice to see ;
And all who teach the Saviour's blood ;
For these are dear to thee.
- 4 We thank thee now for sending here
The publishers of peace :
Speak by them, Lord, and every where
By them declare thy grace.
- 5 Him lately sent to us, ordain
To bring the gladsome news,
That thou wast once for sinners slain,
Nor wilt their chief refuse.

- 6 This gospel own, and we aloud
Will blaze abroad thy fame,
And tell the merit of thy blood,
To every straying Lamb.
- 7 So when the harvest-day shall come,
Sowers and reapers too,
Shall shouting, enter endless home,
And thee eternal view.
- 8 This happy morning we desire,
O let it hasten on !
When all shall join the angelic choir,
In singing round the throne.
- 9 The preachers, and the people, there,
Shall thee in fulness see :
Shall keep the long sabbatic year,
The feast of jubilee.
-

H Y M N LXXXV.—C. M.

Confession of sin.

1 **W**E all the sinner's tract have trod,
Like sheep we all have stray'd :
In sack-cloth let us seek for God,
With dust upon our head.

2 Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
And let us tell our sin :
Who knows, if we our folly own,
But Christ will make us clean.

3 Behold,

- 3 Behold, O Lamb of God! a race
Of wretched rebels come
Naked, and poor: O let thy grace
Afford thy children room.
- 4 We own that we the world have lov'd,
Have many idols known:
Pray let thy wrath be all remov'd,
Nor pour thy fury down.
- 5 Think on the holy covenant,
And then, tho' we have sinn'd,
Kindly forgive us—this we want,
O Lord, our only friend!
- 6 Lord canst thou pardon souls so vile?
We know thou canst, and wilt:
For we are the REDEEMER'S spoil,
For us his blood was spilt.

H Y M N LXXXVI.—C. M.

In persecution.

- 1 **H**OW favour'd are we of the Lord!
How honour'd by the Lamb!
He counts us worthy for his word,
To share his cross, and shame.
- 2 His cross, which many have despis'd,
We wou'd not but endure:
We bear his shame, his name be prais'd,
Who gives us strength and power.

3 O that like sheep we all may learn
To tread where Jesus trod :
Silent, when wrong'd, nor wrath return'd,
But leave revenge to God.

4 Dumb as the lambs, design'd to die,
May we our ways sustain :
Nor fear the fiercest enemy,
Nor dread the sharpest pain.

5 To him, who all our sorrows sees,
May we our ways submit :
Jesus shall try us as he please,
Shall do as he sees fit.

6 Behold thy lambs, thy tender herd,
Hunted by beasts of prey :
And let us still have strength prepar'd,
According to our day.

7 Say, *follow me*, and lo ! we come
Tho' all the world oppose :
Death, hell, and sin, shall make us room,
And all our master's foes.

8 His blood our crimson robes shall wash,
And make them white as snow :
His blood our spirits shall refresh,
Till we to *Canaan* go.

9 His blood, his precious blood shall seal
Us ever to our God :
And ceaseless praise our lips shall fill,
To our Redeemer's blood.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVII.

The humble soul at JESU's feet.

1 **W**HY do our souls the LAMB displease?
Why do our souls so slight his peace?
He never griev'd us once, nor frown'd
Upon us, since his love we found:
Then why should we so foolishly offend,
So dear a SAVIOUR, and so true a friend?

2 O let our souls look back, and view
The dangers he has brought us through:
Out of what straits, and misery,
Hath Jesus brought us tenderly?
Forget not this our souls, think on his cross!
And do not, do not slight our SAVIOUR thus.

3 Remember all his bloody sweat,
His wounded hands, his bleeding feet;
His agony, his cries, and tears;
His three and thirty suff'ring years,
Do we remember this? then how can we
So grieve the LAMB, and deal ungratefully?

4 Surely our souls can see their sin,
How very foolish have they been;
They fall at JESU's feet, and prove,
How he is full of grace and love:
Our souls repent, dear LORD, O give us power,
Never, O never to displease thee more!

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVIII.—C.M.

1 **T**HE God we know, we know the man,
Immanuel is his name :
We heard he was for sinners slain,
And here to seek him came.

2 He truly suffer'd, to redeem
The lost despairing seed :
Then we may boldly hope in him,
For we are such indeed.

3 The hungry sinners he receives,
And is the *sinner's friend* :
Men told us, saying, he forgives
Whoe'er on him depend.

4 True are the things that ye have heard,
He freely saves the poor :
Come then, O sinners, to the LORD.
Our faith, and hopes are sure.

5 Behold, dear LAMB, a company
Of sinful children come :
Behold, and hear thy people cry,
And make thy people room.

6 Jesus, thy people heard thy name,
And come to prove thee good :
Wash us in thy redeeming name,
And in thy sacred blood.

7 Thou

- 7 Thou said'st, I will not cast away
 Who come for help to me :
 We plead thy promise, Lord, and pray,
 True to thy promise be.
-

H Y M N LXXXIX.—C. M.

1 **W**ORTHY of glory is the Lamb,
 On *Calv'ry* lately slain ;
 Who died a martyr, to redeem
 The fallen sons of men.

2 More willing than we ever sinn'd,
 He gave his body up ;
 Cheerful he knew a shameful end,
 And drank the bitter cup.

3 More than his hosts, (amazing love !)
 Or heav'n, he valued us ;
 Content he left the pow'rs above,
 To bear our sins and curse.

4 More than his life, or sacred blood,
 He lov'd our sinful race ;
 And all forsook, while he pursu'd
 His people by his grace.

5 And can it be that we should love
 Another more than thee ?
 O Lamb, th' ingratitude remove,
 Or let us cease to be.

- 6 Unchain us, and we'll all forsake,
And follow thee alone :
No more in others praise we'll speak,
Till we ascend thy throne.
- 7 He, who without *Jerusalem*,
Between two robbers died,
Is worthy of a Saviour's name,
Jesus, and none beside.
- 8 Worthy alone is he, who bore
The sorrows, justly ours :
Worthy the praise for evermore,
Of all the heavenly pow'rs.

H Y M N XC.—C. M.

Barrenness.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, so cold, and dead,
So backward to obey?
So slow to praise thy gracious Lord,
And negligent to pray?
- 2 Devotion now forsakes my breast,
Alas! I cannot love;
O for one spark of heavenly fire,
This coldness to remove!
- 3 Just like a lump of lifeless clay,
Before the Lord I lie;
My glory sleeps, I cannot sing,
Only look up, and sigh.
- 4 Whither

- 4 Whither, O my distracted soul,
Still farther wilt thou stray ?
How hast thou wander'd from the Lord,
And lost the blissful way ?
- 5 Ah ! look, dear Saviour of the world,
My strange indifference see :
Breathe on me, and I'll pay thee back
The love thou bear'st to me.
- 6 Without thee, -lo ! I change to ice,
But let thy love return ;
And then with ardour, and delight,
My thankful soul should burn.

H Y M N XCI.—L. M.

Confidence of overcoming sin by CHRIST.

1. **A** Mountain are my sins I know,
Enough to sink me down to hell ;
But O great mountain, what art thou
Before my Lord, Zerubbabel ?
- 2 Tho' many strong temptations strive,
And snares beset me every where,
And though no chearful thought survive,
I will not of the Lord despair.
- 3 I will not be afraid, but look
Towards the *New Jerusalem* :
Yea, tho' by death, and hell o'ertook,
I still will trust in Jesu's name.

4 He said, " Whene'er the needy, poor,
For water seek, with thirst dry'd up,
I'll hear them, when they me implore,
Nor will I leave them without hope."

5 I grasp this promise, and believe,
My sins ye now your depth may shew ;
A sight of you will make me grieve,
But this is all that you can do.

6 A Saviour's blood both took away
The guilt of all, the pow'r to damn.
I'll sing for joy, and well I may,
For I am in the wounded LAMB.

H Y M N XCII.—C. M.

W HILE on the bosom of the Lamb,
My favour'd soul may lean ;
I'll sing the merits of his name
Before the sons of men.

2 Freedom too great to be express'd,
In him behold I prove :
I enter now his people's rest,
And taste eternal love.

3 Hear me ye souls in bondage, ye
Who never Jesus knew ;
Whose chariot wheels go heavily,
This rest belongs to you.

H

4 Who

- 4 Who with their faces thitherward,
Their way to heav'n enquire :
Jesusthe Lamb, the humble Lord,
Shall answer their desire.
- 5 Behold him nail'd on yonder tree,
He points you out your road :
He shews himself, and faith, *By me*
Men enter into God.
- 6 In him such joys the new-born know,
As cannot be conceiv'd :
This I affirm, and others too,
Who have in Christ believ'd.
- 7 And if he is below so sweet,
What will his fulness be ?
What when we him in glory meet ?
O brethren come and see.
-

H Y M N XCIII.

In times of heaviness.

- 1 SAVIOUR, tho' thou strange appear'st,
Tho' thou dost not seem to see,
Tho' to help me thou forbear'st,
Yet I'll put my trust in thee.
- 2 Saviour, tho' thou shou'dst me slay,
Tho' thou still thyself dost hide,
At thy feet I still will lay,
Still will at thy door abide.

- 3 Be not angry, Holy Lamb,
Turn thee to thy usual grace ;
Jesus, tho' I sinful am,
Shew me once again thy face.
- 4 If thou wilt not hear, I'll die,
Here (as does the widow'd dove)
Mourning, desolate I'll lie,
Till to endless worlds I move.
- 5 Think upon me, *David's Son*,
Think on me, and smiling speak ;
Lord, I cannot bear thy frown ;
Lord, my bruised heart will break.
- 6 O my burthen ! O my pain
Will be insupportable !
Should'st not thou return again,
Lord, it wou'd be worse than hell.
- 7 Yet, O Lamb, shouldst thou refuse
Ever to return to me,
At thy feet my death I'll chuse,
Still I'll put my trust in thee.

H Y M N XCIV.

1 DOOR, and naked as I am,
I approach thee, bleeding Lamb,
Tho' I am ashamed to see,
How I have displeased thee.

H 2

2 Peter

- 2 *Peter* said, and I say too,
Jesus, whither can I go?
Whither can the sinner flee?
Thou hast endless life in thee.
- 3 If another Saviour was,
Other refuge than thy cross,
Surely, I had it persu'd,
I had trampled on thy blood.
- 4 But alas! whene'er I try'd
Here, or there, my sin to hide;
Guilt increas'd on me so fast,
I was forc'd to thee at last.
- 5 By experience I can tell,
Out of thee is nether hell;
In thy wounds I only find
Ease for my distemper'd mind.
- 6 May I never leave thee more,
O thou lover of the poor,
May I in thy love abide,
Hid, and cover'd in thy side.

H Y M N XCV.—L. M.

Following Christ, the Sinners way to God.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone;
He that I plac'd my hopes upon;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high-way of holiness
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world, and sin;
No *lion*, no devouring care,
No ravenous tyger shall be there.
- 4 No: nothing may go up thereon
But *traveling souls*, and I am one:
Wayfaring men to *Canaan* bound,
Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,
Shall err therein; but they redeem'd
In Jesu's blood, shall shew their right
To travel there, till heav'n's in fight.
- 6 This is the way I long have fought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been,
Because I cou'd not cease from sin.
- 7 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, for *I'm the way*.
- 8 Lo! glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.

- 9 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, *Behold the way to God!*
-

H Y M N XCVI.—C. M.

- 1 COME guilty souls, and flee away
Like doves to Jesu's wounds:
This is the welcome gospel day
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says, He'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.
-

H Y M N XCVII.—C. M.

- 1 CHIEF Elder in thy church and house,
Look on thy family:
Be tender of thy dear-bought spouse,
Thy dear-bought spouse are we.
- 2 Thy servants (all our brethren) look
To thee, for sinners slain:
Thy handmaids, Jesus, thee invoke,
To watch our weaker train.

- 3 Give us to walk that so thy name
May by us honour'd be :
Give us the spirit of a Lamb,
Unfeign'd simplicity.
- 4 O let a loving spirit rule,
A child like spirit reign :
Let all like thee be merciful,
Like thee from wrath refrain.
- 5 Whilst in the world, may we adorn
The gospel of thy blood ;
And walk 'midst cruel jeers and scorn,
As did our Master God.
- 6 In meekness (such as thee oppose)
May we to Jesus win :
And teach thy bride, thy fav'rite spouse,
T' invite poor strangers in.
- 7 Make us become a burning light,
A guide to such as stray :
And lovingly in all men's sight,
Go sweetly on our way.

H Y M N XCVIII.—C. M.

- 1 **H**ERE is the Lord ! Let all adore !
How dreadful is the place !
This is the gate of heav'n, ye poor !
Attend and beg for grace.

H 4

a. Here.

- 2 Here is the *Lamb* amidst us now,
He spreads his gracious hands :
With blessings for his church below,
Our dear Redeemer stands.
- 3 Ask what ye will, he saith, and I
Your large request will grant ;
Your many needs will I supply,
And answer every want.
- 4 Dear brethren think how nigh you sit,
To him who bled for you ;
Fall down and worship at his feet,
Who loves and meets you so.
- 5 What glorious favours are conferr'd
Upon us by the *Lamb* ?
See how he treats, with kind regard,
The people of his name.
- 6 The happy angels hov'ring round,
Our mercies wond'ring see :
Let us not then unmov'd be found,
But very thankful be.
-

H Y M N XCIX.—C. M.

- 1 **O** Dearest Saviour whose I am,
And whom I serve alone ;
At thy pierc'd feet (I blush for shame)
And sit me happy down.

a Naved

- 2 Naked I see myself, and mind
How I have us'd thee ill :
A sinner truly poor and blind,
Yet lo ! thou lov'st me still.
- 3 I raise my eyes and see what smart,
What grief I put thee to ;
And yet 'tis strange) it heals my heart,
While I thy anguish view.
- 4 I know my sins prepar'd the wood,
The nails, and whips, and spear ;
Which tare and slew my *Lord* my *God*,
And drew forth ev'ry tear.
- 5 I know that ev'ry stripe he had,
And ev'ry pang he bore,
And ev'ry grief till he was dead,
Was my desert and more.
- 6 This makes me at his cross design
To sit and see and prize,
That loving Lamb, that God of mine,
That wond'rous sacrifice.
-

H Y M N C.

- 1 **T**HE Lamb is slain, how sweet's the sound ?
What fountains are in ev'ry wound ?
Those streams that thence so freely flow,
Will wash the sinner white as snow :

What

What strange diseases will they cure ?
What Med'cine are they for the poor ?

- 2 Had he not dy'd, we all had been
Now lost in unbelief and sin ;
But while he dy'd upon the tree,
He bare content our misery,
Our chastisement, our guilt, and blame
Was laid upon the spotless Lamb.
- 3 His robes he stain'd with scarlet hue,
With num'rous sins, tho' none he knew,
And meekly stood, while on his head
Our sins were charg'd, our follies laid ;
And dy'd a sacrifice to move
Our guilt, to whom he bare such love.
- 4 Thus black with all his people's hurt
He weeping stood in Herod's court ;
A purple robe he wore to shew,
Our sins we hence on him might view ;
Then laid the robe aside, a sign
Our crimes were laid in blood divine.
- 5 Him then the Spirit justify'd
From all that had his garments dy'd ;
Himself he sanctify'd, that he
Might sanctify his family :
Our sins made his, he buried were
Went in the thorns, the nails, the spear.
- 6 For ever sin, and death are slain
(Thro' the Redeemer's sweat and pain)

Offences and transgressions fall,
The Saviour triumphs over all !
Brings righteousness everlasting in,
And makes by death an end of sin.

H Y M N CH.—C. M.

1 **B**E witness heav'n and earth to-day
We give ourselves to him,
Who dy'd to take our sin away,
And us from hence redeem.

2 We make a present of our lives,
Our goods, and friends, and blood,
To Jesus Christ, who each receives
Who come thro' him to God.

3 No more are we our own, no more
To this world we belong ;
We are the Lord's, him we adore,
The God of all our throng.

H Y M N CH.—C. M.

1 **W**E come and sit before the Lord,
And worship at his feet :
Thereto our tears and pray'rs are pour'd,
Which once with blood were wet.

2 We

- 2 We own, dear Saviour, ev'ry one
Unworthy is to speak ;
Or dare to sigh before thy throne,
Or there petition make.
 - 3 Yet seeing thou dost sinners love,
And wilt attend their cry :
We venture, Lord; our suit we move,
We venture humbly nigh.
 - 4 We kiss thee, Son of God, and see
Thy wounds, and thankful pray ;
And there as on an altar we
Our worthless off'ring lay.
 - 5 We ask (O do not us deny)
A Lamb-like spirit grant ;
A sweet unfeign'd simplicity,
A servant's mind we want.
 - 6 O bless thy lov'd society
With blessings, Lord, like these,
And thou, dear Master, till we die,
Alone shalt have the praise.
-

. . H Y M N CIII.—C. M.

- 1 **H**ENCE nothing will we know beside,
No other myst'ry learn ;
But that a Lamb for sinners dy'd,
This be our sole concern.

- 2 This we profess and this maintain,
None can salvation know ;
But in believing he was slain ;
This we are witness to.
- 3 For this let all our enemies
Contrive to do us hurt ;
This hold we fast, tho' hell should rise
Against the glad report.
- 4 Of this, O sinners company,
We humbly make our boast :
This tell to men far off, and nigh,
Our Saviour saves the lost.
- 5 He only did the world redeem,
He only sav'd mankind :
And lo ! whoever looks to him,
Shall the redemption find.
- 6 Not by our works of righteousness,
But by his precious blood
He sav'd us, seal'd us, gave us peace,
And made us one with God.
-

H Y M N CIV.—C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! before the Lord we sit,
The stone and timber's beam
Shall bear us witness we commit,
And give ourselves to him.

2 We

- 2 We are the *Lord's*, are wholly his,
Determin'd to pursue
His footsteps till we see his bliss,
And leave the world below.
- 3 We list ourselves to him and call
His pilgrims, hence our name :
To him give up our lives, our all,
And take his cross and shame.
- 4 Welcome reproach, true riches thou,
When for the *Saviour* borne ;
Welcome bad names, and heaviest woes,
The loss of friends, and scorn.
- 5 With bitter herbs, the *Lamb* receiv'd,
This well the Father knew :
Thus we accept him, he who liv'd
A bitter life below.
- 6 Thro' evil, and thro' good report,
Naked, oppress'd, revil'd ;
We follow *Jesus* to his court,
And track his ev'ry child.
-

H Y M N CV.—C. M.

- 1 **I** Hope our *Saviour* don't forget
His child is left behind ;
He sure observes me at his feet,
And bears me on his mind.

- 2 Dost thou not, dearest *Lamb of God* ?
Methinks thou answer'st sweet,
Thy name is on my hands with blood,
And graven on my feet.
- 3 Thou, *Saviour*, wilt remember me,
Thou wilt, thou surely wilt ;
For thou, my *Lord*, on yonder tree
Didst bear my sin and guilt.
- 4 The pain which thou hast there endur'd
Will put thee still in mind,
That I, for whom thou suffer'dst, *Lord*,
Am left to roam behind.
-

H Y M N CVI.—C. M.

I am a stranger, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were,
Psal. 39. 12.

- 1 **B**ECAUSE I am a stranger here,
And talk of *Jesu's* blood,
I'm scorn'd as all my fathers were,
And rarely understood.

- 2 Around my weary eyes I cast,
Survey the world below :
You are not (glad I say) my rest,
I don't belong to you.

- 3 See, O my soul, the country see
Is fix'd above the skies :
There *Jesus* waits to welcome thee
To share his paradise.

4 Regard

- 4 Regard not then thy treatment now,
But wait a few days more ;
And drest in garments white as snow,
Thou shalt attain thy shore.
- 5 Friends hast thou waited here ? thy loss
Shall there be well made up ;
With all the saints who once were thus,
Thou shalt sit down and sup.
- 6 Gird up thy loins, and forward move,
A pilgrim tho' thou art ;
Jesus hath set on thee his love,
And seals thee to his heart.
-

H Y M N CVII.—C. M.

- 1 **L**ET others seek them pleasures new,
Themselves with songs divert ;
One thing I only pant to know,
The blood of *JESU'S* heart.
Determin'd am I (who will blame)
While I on earth abide,
To make my song my constant theme,
" My *LORD* is crucify'd ! "
- 2 Under the cross I make my place,
And well regard his pain ;
Search into the amazing grace,
The cause why he was slain.
The wond'rous thing has charm'd me so
That ev'ry thing beside

I trample on, this only know,
" My LORD is crucify'd !"

3 What pleasures can a soul esteem,
Who has of Jesus heard,
Unless it be to walk with him,
And think on his reward ?
I have no solid pleasures seen,
No bliss, till I decry'd
The *Lamb*, since which my song hath been,
" My LORD is crucify'd !"

4 No comfort can I take below,
Tho' ev'ry thing goes well,
Unless his merits on me flow,
Unless his blood I feel ;
When this I prove, I see by faith,
His bloody hands spread wide ;
And sing as I behold his death,
" My LORD is crucify'd !"

H Y M N CVIII. — C. M.

Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood. Rev. v. 9.

1 **B**LOOD of the very blessed *Lamb*,
What wonders hast thou wrought !
Redeem'd poor sinners from their shame,
And many thousands bought.
Well may the souls in peace arriv'd
On *Canaan's* happy shore,
Who when below this blood believ'd,
The fountain now adore !

I

2 By

- 2 By blood converted, thy confess
The myst'ry round the throne,
And sing, Our Saviour made our peace
By blood, and that his own :
Nor mention ought the thankful train,
But how his precious blood,
When he for sinful man was slain,
Hath brought them nigh to God.
- 3 He wash'd away our sins, they cry,
By his own blood, and we
Are just, and sanctify'd thereby,
And get the victory.
By shedding of his blood we gain
Remission of our sin ;
And peace with God and heav'n obtain,
And all that is therein.
- 4 Ten thousand blessings still ascend
Before his through-bor'd feet,
And thanks be giv'n, the sinner's friend,
For all his wounds and sweat.
Let ev'ry tongue confess to thee,
And ev'ry knee be bow'd,
Who bare our sorrows on the tree,
And wash'd us in his blood.

H Y M N CIX.—C. M.

- 1 **A**ND will a day of clouds and fire
Upon the earth appear ?
When all the living and the dead
Shall stand at Jelu's bar.

2 And

- 2 And shall mine eyes behold a day
When angels rosy hands
Shall heav'n unveil, and shew the Lamb
To all the distant lands?
- 3 And must mine ears for certain hear
A summons from the sky,
When the shrill trumpet sounding long
Proclaims the judgment nigh?
- 4 Will such an awful time commence,
When all who God forgot,
Shall far from Jesu's throne be driv'n
With those who knew him not?
- 5 Then say, my God, how long, how long,
Ere thou in sight appear?
Behold thy scriptures answer me,
When men are least aware.
- 6 Ages and days shall pass away,
And time no longer be;
Jesus shall then on clouds descend,
And all the Lamb shall see.
- 7 Darkness, and blood, and fire, and smoke,
Shall in the air be seen;
The sun, the moon, and stars shall cease
To light the world again.
- 8 The sea by mighty tempests stir'd,
With all her waves shall roar,
Shall back return the dead therein,
And put her prey on shore.

- 9 The trembling mountains far shall move,
Men's hearts for fear shall fail;
And all the kindred of the earth
In great distress shall wail.
- 10 To hide them in the falling rocks
Poor guilty souls shall fly;
And loud to hills for refuge too
In vain shall sinners cry.
- 11 O Lamb of God, thou King of saints,
Thou righteous Judge, to thee
I fly for refuge; in thy wounds
Hide thou ungodly me.
- 12 There be my safe asylum; there
Let me my int'rest know,
Ere thou in flaming fire appear'st,
To judge the word below.
- 13 Then let the last loud blast be blown!
Then call, *Arise ye dead!*
Then shall my very happy soul
With joy lift up her head.
-

H Y M N CX.

- 1 **I**N all my trials still I see
Our Saviour loves poor sinful me,
This is my only hope;

This

This bears me thro' a thousand snares,
And in ten thousand griefs and fears
This lifts me sweetly up.

- 2 O did my faith a moment fail,
How would the busy pow'rs of hell
Against me dreadful rise ;
How wou'd they tread me under foot,
And seek to spoil me branch and root,
And put out both my eyes.
- 3 But thanks to his eternal name,
Who is my Lord, and God, and Lamb,
I hold my target firm :
He is my strength, and strong I stand,
While underneath he lays his hand,
His everlasting arm.
- 4 I will believe he justifies,
I know his groans, and tears, and cries,
Were heard, and are for me ;
Then who can hurt, or who condemn
A soul so favour'd of the Lamb,
A soul so safe and free !

H Y M N CXI.

He sung an Hymn. Mark xiv. 26.

- 1 COME, O my soul, by *Cedron* come,
And at his supper Jesus see,
Come view him in the upper-room,
With his peculiar family :

After thy Lord's example do,
And sing as he in all thy woe.

2 He when with all his burthens bow'd,
When to his friends he this confess'd,
Your Master's soul, your Chief, your God,
Is very heavy, and oppress'd,
Ev'n then he sang an hymn to shew
What thou, my soul, when sad should'st do.

3 Art thou afflicted? go and pray;
Would'st thou be merry? sing a psalm:
Thus heaviness divert away,
Thus do till all be still and calm:
Thus joy in tribulation still,
And sing come griefs whatever will.

4 Thus *Luther* try'd with troubles fore,
Look'd up thro' all, and prais'd the LAMB
Nor gave the pleasing subject o'er,
Till by his blood he overcame:
Sing thou, my soul, and thus divert,
And warm with heav'nly fires thy heart.

5 Take that effectual hymn which *John*
(When wrapp'd in sacred ecstasy)
Heard chaunted round the Saviour's throne,
And sing to all eternity;
"Worthy is he for sinners slain!
"The Lamb once dead, who lives again."

6 Be this, my soul, thy fav'rite theme,
He dy'd, and wash'd me in his blood,

Sing

Sing how the *Romans* tortur'd him,
 And nail'd him to the cross's wood;
 Sing how the blood his garments dy'd
 When he was bruise'd and crucify'd.

- 7 Sing of his wounds, their number sing,
 Their worth, their end, their deep profound,
 And gaze upon thy bleeding King,
 Till all thy griefs in him are drown'd:
 Nor cease till thou thy crown hast giv'n,
 Yea sing, my soul, thyself to heav'n.

H Y M N CXII.—C. M.

Is not this the Carpenter? Mark vi. 3.

- 1 WITH thankfulness I sing the Man,
 Of blessed *Mary* born;
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 The same the *Hebrews* scorn.

- 2 My Friend I sing, who took my place,
 Deliver'd up for me;
 For me, and all th' ungodly race,
 Who will their ruin see.

- 3 The *Carpenter*, the *Nazerene*,
 Who all my curse endur'd,
 Who having wash'd away my sin,
 My part in heav'n insur'd.

I 4

4 When

- 4 When he on *Calv'ry* naked bled,
He groan'd beneath my pain;
A spectacle to angels made,
A gazing-stock for men.
- 5 This of my Lord I can't forget,
With all beside I'd part;
But O his love, death, wounds, and sweat,
Are written on my heart.
- 6 I fain would banish from my mind
The world, and things of sense,
And only muse on what I find
In him, nor move from hence.
- 7 In golden show'rs of drops of blood,
I sit beneath the cross;
And view the Lamb-like Son of God,
And how he slaughter'd was.
- 8 I kiss the nail-holes in his feet,
And where the spear went in;
And make the cave my sweet retreat,
From all the storms of sin.
- 9 Nothing like him so pleasing shines
In my admiring eyes;
Love, conqu'ring love, my soul confines
Him more than all to prize.

H Y M N CXIII.—C. M.

- 1 **O** Had my soul ten thousand tongues,
All, all should join one theme :
The subject of my endless songs
Should be my Saviour's name.
- 2 Bold as a lion, I who late
Against our Saviour strove ;
Now conquer'd sit at his dear feet,
And sing the pow'r of love.
- 3 His happy spoil am I become,
His willing captive now ;
His gracious wounds have made me room,
And wash'd my sins like snow.
- 4 I once was blind, and headlong ran
The road that leads to hell :
I slighted all the truest gain,
And bliss unchangeable.
- 5 I trampled on my Saviour's blood,
And disesteem'd his cross ;
In sin's highway I daring stood,
And there my glory was.
- 6 There had I ever staid, had he,
Whom I so evil us'd,
Deny'd to pity sinful me,
Or mercy me refus'd.

- 7 His fame to all eternity
My happy soul shall spread ;
I'll sing, He liv'd, he dy'd for me,
For me to death he bled.
-

H Y M N CXIV.—C. M.

- 1 **M**OST careful Shepherd when I stray,
For prone to stray I am ;
Come after me, and in thy way
Reduce thy dear-bought Lamb.
- 2 This well thou know'st, for I appeal
To thy all-seeing eye ;
My inmost soul loves thee so well,
Than sin, I'd rather die.
- 3 (Not willingly) I oft forget
My Saviour and his blood :
I leave my place, ev'n his dear feet,
And grieve my tender God.
- 4 This makes me now with bended knees
Thy daily care implore :
Confine me, Lord, if thee it please,
And let me rove no more.
- 5 O take the golden girdle, love,
And bind my heart to thine ;
Let me thy little captive prove,
Become thy spoil divine.

- 6 Let all the chains that bound my Lord,
Before the Tetrarch's bar,
Make me thy pris'ner so secur'd,
As not to wander far.
- 7 Yea, other liberty deny,
But this, to live to God;
To thee to speak, to act, to die,
In honour of thy blood.
- 8 Upon the altar, *Jesus Christ*,
And to the horns his hands,
O bind me, Lord, thy sacrifice,
Nor loosen e'er my bands.
-

H Y M N CXV.

- 1 **B**LOOD of Jesu's wounds, how good
Sounds it in my ears and heart?
Nothing surely, like that blood,
Can such solid bliss impart;
O 'tis most divine!
Weary sinners hither fly,
Laden with your crimson sin,
This blots out the dreadful dye.
- 2 You who have the law obey'd,
You a righteousness t' attain;
Earnestly by works assay'd,
But have found your strife in vain;

Turn

Turn you to the blood ;
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an absent God,
Nor your dreadful state deplore.

3 Whoſo after reſt enquires,
Let him to the blood approach :
Whoſo perfect reſt deſires,
Jeſu's blood affordeth ſuch ;
Be perſuaded then :
Liſt ve up your downcaſt eyes,
See the Saviour bloody ſlain,
There thy reſt, poor ſinner is.

4 Here may I take up my place,
Here for ever happy be,
Here wrap up my bluſhing face,
Seeking nought beſide to ſee ;
Here my ſoul fit down,
Feed upon the blood and prove
What the Lord for thee has done,
Fathom (if thou can'ſt) his love.

5 Let this thy employment be
Still to gaze on Jeſu's blood ;
Sit beneath the curſed tree,
Look upon thy bleeding God !
Look and never tire ;
Count his ſcars, and tell each wound,
Be this ever thy deſire,
Jeſu's blood's vaſt depth to ſound.

H Y M N CXVI.

1 **L**ET the church our Saviour bless
For this great salvation;
Sing of him, your righteousness,
Favour'd congregation.

2 Be ye thankful at his feet,
Who to save us died;
Who by pains and labours great
Hath us justified.

3 Bring the elders, and the choirs
Of the younger people;
Call him, who the Lamb desires,
Every weak disciple.

4 Let them at his feet sit down,
Very thankful bringing
Hymns of honour to the Son,
Such in concert singing.

5 Worthy only is our God,
Whom we love sincerely:
Worthy he, for by his blood
He redeem'd us dearly.

6 All his churches worship him,
Saying, Live for ever;
O thou Lamb, our fav'rite theme,
Dearest, constant Saviour.

7 Down

- 7 Down before thy feet we bow,
Daily this confessing,
Thou didst save us, only thou,
Thine be thanks and blessing.
-

H Y M N CXVII.—C. M.

- 1 **O** Dear *Immanuel*, foolish men,
Because they know thee not,
Think very little of thy pain,
And what thy blood hath bought.
- 2 But sure I never can forget
Thou didst that guilt endure,
Which else (e'er now) in torments great
Had sunk me evermore.
- 3 Thy blood, when thy dear feet were bound,
Did speak my pardon loud;
Did wash me, O my loving Lord,
And heal'd me in its flood.
- 4 Thy cries so strong, and many tears
So plentifully shed,
I still remember, and the pray'rs
Which thou for me hast pray'd.
- 5 Thy wounds, thy blood, still on my heart
Like best of ointments are:
Like myrrh and frankincense, thy smarts
Or spices brought from far.

- 6 The very mention of thy name
 My fainting spirits cheers:
 To all my wounds 'tis goodly balm,
 It quite expels my fears.
- 7 I love thy scriptures fill'd so full
 Of thy most precious blood;
 Thy name, and travail of thy soul,
 My dearest Lord and God.
- 8 Nor can I like that work, or word,
 That doctrine, book, or theme,
 That takes no notice of my Lord,
 Or leaves out his dear name.
- 9 As in a figure blood did once
 Make all things pure and good,
 So now will I that thing renounce
 Not sprinkled by the blood.
- 10 Nor will I call that fav'ry hence,
 Not salted with the same:
 Nor praise the highest eloquence,
 Whose subject's not the Lamb.
- 11 Thy blood shall be my salt, my Lord,
 Shall sprinkle all my good;
 Shall hallow ev'ry thought, and word,
 All shall be purg'd with blood.
- 12 Forgive me if I e'er am pleas'd
 With ought not thus made pure,
 Or if I ought beside have prais'd,
 And let me sin no more.

HYMN

H Y M N CXVIII.—C. M.

*Thou art a Priest for ever after the Order of
Melchisedech.*

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee :
No musick like thy charming name,
Is half so sweet to me :
O let me ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to me speak ;
And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great *Melchisedech*.

2 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay :
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay,
When I appear in yonder cloud
With all his favour'd throng ;
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And *Christ* shall be my song.

H Y M N CXIX.

1 **W**HAT mercy hath the Saviour shew'd,
In that he who was very God,
Th' eternal Father's brightness,

Came

Came down from heav'n, and was a man,
Afflicted with my grief and pain,
And in a servant's likeness :

For me
Did he
Toil and travail ;
All my evil,
Ev'ry burden
Bore the Saviour in the Garden.

2 When he before the Ruler stood,
Derided by the multitude,
Bound, and with scourges beaten,
He guiltless was for me condemn'd.
The whole assembly him blasphem'd,
Yet no one did he threaten.
He knew
The woe
On him poured,
I incurred ;
So he tender
Bore the punishment and slander.

3 When from the judgment-seat he went,
Condemn'd to have the chastisement,
Which was my just demerit ;
My num'rous sins he patient bore,
When *Roman* whips his body toré,
And guilt oppress'd his Spirit ;
In red
They made
Him do penance ;
Then his sentence

K

They

They fulfilled,
And the Lamb, my Master, killed.

- 4 His Royal Head with thorns they crown'd,
His harmless hands with fetters bound,
And then thro' crowds of people,
The Lamb without the gates they led,
Bearing upon his guiltless head
The sins of each disciple ;
Content
He went,
Bow'd and heavy,
Very weary ;
So he valued,
And to death to win me followed.

- 5 To Calv'ry's hill he bore my load,
And there the Lamb, my Lord and God,
When he came thither nailed
My sins, and mine iniquity,
With his own body to the tree,
And there my pardon sealed ;
My Lord,
Ador'd
Be thou ever :
Only Saviour,
God Almighty,
Full of mercy, love, and pity.

- 6 Thou great Atonement, GOD MADE MAN
Who condescended to be slain,
In servants form and meaner ;

Who

Who thy own self, thyself alone,
 Didst bear my offences ev'ry one,
 And dy'dst for me a sinner;
 Didst bleed
 Till dead,
 Hence be given
 Thanks in heaven,
 Pow'r and blessing,
 And within me never ceasing.

H Y M N CXX.—C. M.

Godly Sorrow.

- 1 **F**OR him whom I have pierc'd I mourn,
 In sorrow for him look;
 As friends lament their dear first-born
 By sudden death o'ertook.
- 2 I think alas how oft have I
 Thy kind rebukes refus'd;
 Prefer'd before thee vanity,
 And all thy love abus'd.
- 3 What shall I do, now I have sinn'd,
 Thou Lamb-like Son of God:
 I'll come to thee, my slighted Friend,
 O wash me in thy blood.
- 4 I'll come to thee, and tell thee all
 The vileness of my sin:
 My many faults, my dreadful fall,
 And thou shalt make me clean.

- 5 Bow'd down with holy shame I'll own
My sin for evermore ;
And for my pardon round the throne
I'll ever thee adore.
- 6 I'll mourn that I have pierc'd thee thus ;
And yet tho' thus I have,
My sins are all nail'd to thy cross,
And bury'd in thy grave.
- 7 The napkin thou hast left behind
Shall wipe my weeping eyes ;
Till I in *Abraham's* harbour find
My endless paradise.
-

H Y M N CXXI. — C. M.

- 1 **O** Saviour of lost sinners, see
Before thy feet I fall ;
I bow my guilty head to thee,
And loud for mercy call.
- 2 I know I shall not cry in vain,
For tho' I am so vile,
Thou wast on *Calv'ry* for me slain,
And there mad'st me thy spoil.
- 3 Look on thy bleeding hands, for there
I'm sure my name is wrote ;
And see thy side, my Master dear,
If thou hast me forgot.

- 4 But sure thou canst not e'er forget,
For whom thou hast endur'd
So much sharp pain and bloody sweat,
My dear redeeming Lord.
- 5 When the presumptuous *Roman* cast
The pointed javelin in ;
It stamp't my pardon there, and fast
Smote to thy heart my sin.
- 6 This I believe, and tho' I stray,
I cannot but have hope ;
This makes me, tho' ashamed, pray,
And keeps my spirit up.
- 7 O may I ne'er thy mercy doubt,
However bad I am ;
Or think I e'r can be cast out
By thee, my Lord, the Lamb.
- 8 Nor let me sin again, but keep
My wand'ring soul in thee ;
'Tis all I ask, till I shall sleep
And here no longer be.

H Y M N CXXII.

- 1 MY Lord, my dearest Lord I see,
That daily I have need of thee ;
Yea every moment thee I want,
Thy presence every moment grant ;

K 3

And

And keep me, O my Saviour, by thy side,
And henceforth, Lord, be pleas'd my feet to guide.

2 If I but speak, or think amiss,
Or in the least thy will transgress;
My fault, my tender Shepherd, shew,
And always teach me what to do;
Yea let me from my works, my doings cease,
Reign thou in me, my perfect righteousness.

3 I know what's mine is sin, thy blood
Had need wash all to make it good;
Yea all my pray'rs but filthy are,
And hell-deserving ev'ry tear;
My great High-Priest, I offer all thro' thee,
Nor can beside myself accepted be.

4 Into thy hands I give my pray'rs,
And on thy feet I pour my tears;
O wash them, *Jesus*, in thy blood,
And then present them to my God:
He will, I know, he will my works receive,
If thou wilt tell him, I in thee believe.

H Y M N CXXIII.—L.M.

2 **H**OW sad's my state, I know not how
To please the Lamb, or do his will;
Myself and God I want to know,
Yet ignorant of both am still.

- 1 I mourn because I cannot mourn,
I grieve because I cannot grieve;
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn,
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Helpless am I, and self-condemn'd,
Incurable I see my wound;
I'd come to thee, but am aham'd,
O where shall help for me be found.
- 4 Where shall so great a sinner run?
Dangers on ev'ry side I see;
I am undone, undone, undone,
Unless our Saviour comes to me.
- 5 Let pity move thee to appear,
Sinner-receiving Son of God;
In my behalf be kindly near,
And quench my crying sins with blood.
- 6 Reach out thy gentle hand to give
Salvation to a wretch distress'd;
Give, O dear Saviour, to believe,
A weary soul who wants thy rest.

H Y M N. CXXIV.

- 1 COME, my soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him rev'rence;
Bless him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliv'rance.

K. 4

2 Why

- 2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation?
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation?
- 3 What hast thou to do with care?
Why art thou so busy?
Christ was slaughter'd, look thou there,
Let that scene amuse thee.
- 4 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour,
He (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
Will thee sure deliver.
- 5 See him falling on the ground,
Troubled in the garden;
By hell's legions compass'd round,
Cast on him thy burden.
- 6 Go and tell him all thy woe,
Shew the Lord what grieves thee;
All thy weight, thy troubles shew,
Jesus will receive thee.
- 7 O my soul, didst thou but view
How he hath engraven
Thee upon his hands, then thou
Now wou'd'st walk on even.
- 8 Nothing then, as he hath said,
Thee from peace could sever;
No; thy peace from him thy head,
Would be like a river.

- 9 Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
Turn thee, and discover
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy lover.
- 10 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Happy in him make thee;
Gaze upon him, who thee bought,
Till to him he takes thee.
- 11 Leave thy earthly things behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour;
Count thou all beside but wind,
Trample on it ever.
- 12 Run thou naked, this is right,
Imitate thy master;
Cast aside thy ev'ry weight,
So thou'lt run the faster.

H Y M N CXXV.—L. M.

Reverence my Son.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, e'er the worlds were made,
The everlasting Father said,
My Son upon my right-hand sit,
And tread thy foes beneath thy feet.
- 2 *The Word made flesh*, the elders see,
And all the royal family;
Touch'd with a sense of this fall down!
And great th' humiliation own!

- 3 Ten thousand thousand do the same,
Who minister before the Lamb,
Him GOD MADE MAN, they thankful see,
But can't define the mystery.
- 4 So let my soul, the church, and all,
Who love the Lamb, before him fall,
And own our God upon the cross
Was flesh, and came and dy'd for us.
- 5 O let us hide our face, and low
Ourselves before his footstool throw;
And kiss his bloody feet, and be
His worshippers eternally.
- 6 Hail only Lord, and Son of Man!
Who thro' thy own great love was slain;
Hail very body of the Lamb!
Hail *Lord Immanuel*, great *I am*!
- 7 In deepest love, and poverty,
We prostrate fall to worship thee;
Thou man with blood so sprinkled o'er,
Thou God, whom heav'n and earth adore.

H Y M N. CXXVI.—C. M.

Lead me to thine holy Hill.

- 1 **O** Lead me near the mount of God,
And there thy servant meet;
There let me view thy sprinkling blood,
There worship at thy feet.

- 2 Up Calv'ry lead my soul by faith,
To hear thy groans and cries,
To see the Lamb's atoning death,
And glorious sacrifice.
- 3 Here may I learn of thee, my Lord,
The myst'ries of thy blood,
Till I shall hear that wish'd-for word,
Come up and be with God:

H Y M N CXXVII.

1 **H**OW foolish I am !
I turn from the Lamb,
And gaze on my heart, and so nurse my dead frame.

2 Look up to me, faith
The God of my faith,
I look on my sin, and see nothing but death.

3 I often have view'd
My sins multitude,
Instead of my Saviour, all cover'd in blood.

4 This keeps me so low,
This adds to my woe,
Because to myself, not to *Jesus*, I go.

5 O hear me, who was
Nail'd high on the cross,
And tell me if I must for ever be thus.

6 Thou

6 Thou faith, look on me,
 Deliver'd for thee,
Thy surety, thy Saviour, and thou shalt be free.

7 Behold me, and gaze
 On my bruised face,
Look on my torn body, 'tis thy resting place.

8 I paid thy long debt
 With drops of blood-sweat;
My hands from the Father reach out the receipt

9 Consider not thou
 How dead and how low
Thou art in thyself, but thy Pay-master view.

10 Thus *Abrah'm* believ'd,
 And strength he receiv'd,
To trust in that God, to whom he's arriv'd.

11 Tho' antient and dead,
 The promise him made,
He held, nor once stagger'd at what the Lord said.

12 O could I do so,
 I know I should too
Receive the blest witness, *Thy sins are as snow.*

13 O teach me, my God,
 Beneath ev'ry load,
To see thy hands, Saviour, brimful of thy blood.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Is there no Balm in Gilead? Jer. viii. 22.

1 **T**HE drops of precious blood
Which from my Saviour fell,
I count the only med'cine good,
That shall my conscience heal;
Peace, O my tortur'd soul,
Thy hurt may here be cur'd,
The bruised Lamb shall make thee whole;
Look up and see thy Lord.

2 When nail'd upon the tree,
Thus slay I sin, he saith,
By dying, sinner, thus for thee,
I ransom thee from death;
Behold me chain'd and bound;
Thus I thy freedom buy;
Look upon me, view ev'ry wound,
And know for thee I die.

3 My soul, obedient be,
And look upon the Lamb;
His blood and tears behold agree,
To make a heav'nly balm:
This was of old design'd
To cure the sons of men,
Who groan beneath a troubled mind;
For these the Lamb was slain.

- 4 His wounded hands are leaves
Of him the tree of life,
Which if applied, assur'dly saves
From guilt, and pain, and grief;
Yea, if incurable
In our own selves we are,
This salve will soon renew and heal,
E'en sinners who despair.
- 5 Many who felt them lost,
And knew they were undone,
Have by this means, without their cost,
Been sav'd, and wear the crown;
They fell at Jesu's feet,
And sighing, look'd to him,
Nor look'd in vain, his balmy sweat,
His blood did them redeem.
- 6 Try, O my soul, yea try
To cure thee here of sin;
Behold, these springs are never dry;
Lord, let me here turn in:
Thou may'st, he saith, and calm
Enjoy the Lord thy God;
Come, sinner, prove thou Gilead's balm,
And own 'tis precious blood.

H Y M N CXXIX.—L. M.

Who is this that cometh from Edom with dy'd garments?
Isa. lxiii. 1.

- 1 **N**OW will I fall before the Lamb,
In deepest gratitude and shame,

And

And sing his regal mystery,
His love, and how he deign'd to die.

2 By *Bozrah's* way my Lord I meet,
'Midst thousands in *Jerusalem's* street,
Groaning, and weeping, and with gore,
Blows, sweat, and bruises cover'd o'er.

3 His cross I on his shoulders see,
Push'd forward by the company;
Pity'd by none, by all blasphem'd,
Reproach'd, derided, and condemn'd.

4 Who is it? ask the strangers, who
Yon man dragg'd on in purple hue?
What makes his garment look so red?
What makes him sighing, bow his head?

5 'Tis I, my Lord an answer makes,
For my afflicted people's sakes
I tread the wine-press; all their sin
My raiment stains, and makes unclean.

6 But, my dear Master, I reply,
Why art thou so tormented, why?
What makes thee thus such smart endure?
He saith, Thy wounded soul to cure.

7 To *Golgotha*, in greatest shame,
I bear thy load, thy guilt, and blame;
There, on my cross, I go, that I
Thy sin with me may crucify.

8 Behold

- 8 Behold me trav'ling thither, see
Me nail'd on the accursed tree :
Behold ! upon the fatal wood,
Thy naked Lord, thy bleeding God.
- 9 Yes, Lord, amidst the crouds I view
Thy body torn, and black, and blue ;
I see thy stripes, and weep to see
This trouble I have brought on thee.
- 10 Thy bloody flesh all pierc'd and tore,
I kiss, and bless thee, and adore ;
Most dear to me, thy worthless worm,
Art thou, my God, in this sad form.
- 11 Hear, brethren, Jesu's history,
And look up to the bloody tree ;
Behold, and bless the Lamb of God,
In human flesh besmear'd with blood.

H Y M N CXXX.

It is finished. John xix. 30.

- 1 **A**S Jesus on mount Calv'ry hung,
By death, with sin, so deeply stung,
Just as his soul expired,
Stooping beneath the pond'rous load
Of all my sins, his head he bow'd,
Then from the world retired.
My Lord's
Last words

Were

Were so moving,
And so loving,
I can never
Cease to mind them, O my Saviour!

2 'Tis finish'd, very loud he cry'd,
My children, ye are justify'd;
I from the world am banish'd,
That you might follow me, and hear
From my own mouth, *your sin and fear,*
Your work and curse is finish'd.
Your peace
And ease
I, so pained,
Have obtained;
Look ye to me,
I, your bleeding Master, view me.

3 I, strength, and wisdom, joy, and peace,
True holiness, and righteousness,
And plenteous redemption;
Bliss, glory, and perfection too,
I finish as I die for you,
My little congregation:
Look up,
Dear troop,
See th' anointed,
Him appointed
For your Saviour;
Thus he perfects you for ever.

4 Whoe'er the Lamb's last words believes,
He solid happiness receives;
He Jesu's heir commences;

He then in Him himself may bless,
 Compleat in Christ, his righteousness,
 And freed from his offences:

Such prove
 That love
 Which surpasses
 Thought, and ceases
 Care and folly,
 Ev'ry work, and word unholy.

H Y M N CXXXI.—C. M.

1 **W**OULDST thou, my soul, the Father see
 Then with the sages go
 To *Beth'lem*; in the stable he
 An infant liv'd below.

2 They in a manger there beheld
 In swaddling-cloaths the Son;
 And low before the Holy Child,
 They worshipp'd and fell down.

3 (By faith they saw th' incarnate God,
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh,
 They offer'd, as they wond'ring stood,
 The Great Deliverer.)

4 Thus did the kings, the shepherds too,
 Thus, O my soul, the same,
 Go kiss the Son, and worship thou
 The humble Babe and Lamb.

5. Close by the manger still abide,
Nor any rev'rence pay,
But to this Infant, God descry'd,
And manifest in clay.
- 6 Dear little child, my Lord and God,
On favour'd *Mary's* knees;
I kifs thy hands divine, and loud
Thy condescension praise.

H Y M N CXXXII.—C. M.

*And all that believed were together, and had all things
in common. Acts iv. 32.*

- 1 **H**OW happy were the brethren when
They all one mind enjoy'd;
One faith in the Redeemer slain,
For whom were all employ'd.
- 2 From house to house their bread they brake,
In singleness of heart;
Each to his friend, for Jesu's sake,
Did of his goods impart.
- 3 In one communion closely join'd,
They fast together stood;
All to the Lamb their wills resign'd,
And own'd him Lord and God.
- 4 In order all the multitude
In holy pray'r agreed;
In order blest'd his name and blood,
Who them from Moses freed.

- 5 Each to the church, the Saviour's wife,
Willing himself gave up;
Each liv'd to Jesus Christ his life,
And he was all their hope.
- 6 No strife nor envy thro' the whole,
Nor avarice appear'd;
All had one end, one heart, one soul,
All ey'd one great reward.
- 7 The Saviour was the Ruler then,
To him they all gave ear;
All waited at his feet to learn
What they should do, and where.
- 8 The government to him they saw
Was by the Father giv'n;
So subject were, while love was law,
And made their earth like heav'n.
- 9 Their enemies their walk beheld,
Their bliss did Heathens move;
Who well confess'd, with wonder fill'd,
See how these Christians love!
- 10 O that our Saviour would restore
Such golden days again;
Give back our ancient peace and pow'r,
Thy kingdom bring and reign.
- 11 With Lamb-like spirits all endue,
With grace the whole adorn;
And we, dear Lamb of God, will shew
That we are thy first-born.

- 11 When thou our fellowship shall bless
With blessings, Lord, like these,
Our hearts shall flow with thankfulness,
And gratitude, and praise.
-

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart!

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

L 3

Thee

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above :
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee !
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Lo ! the great angel stands !
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands ;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

- 2 Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide !
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side !
O let our feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring souls among
The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock,
 He calls their names,
 His bosom bears
 The tender lambs.

4 To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
 Believing souls
 Now free are set;
 For Christ hath paid
 Their dreadful debt.

5 Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conquest and a crown :
 March on, nor fear
 To win the day,
 Though death and hell
 Obstruct the way.

H Y M N CXXXV.

1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,

I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Oh ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee !

4 O love ! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may, Abba Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice !

H Y M N CXXXVI.

1 **L**O! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom

The

The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids them come !

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS and sojourners below,
 We travel through this wilderness;
 Seeking the promis'd rest to know
 In Christ, the fountain of true bliss :
 We seek a place beyond the skies,
 An everlasting paradise.
- 2 In this pursuit we stand in need
 Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
 Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
 While we his leading footsteps trace :
 So shall each pilgrim gladly move
 Onward unto his home above.
- 3 No earthly joy is worth our stay,
 Or struggle for another breath ;
 These comforts vanish and decay,
 And yield us no relief in death :
 While others vain delights pursue,
 We taste God's love for ever new.
- 4 His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
 And crucifies each rebel sin ;
 Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,
 And cause sweet melody within :

Dependent

Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a suff'ring hour.

- 5 The new *Jerusalem* appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine,
For God hath wip'd away the tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine :
With them we shall his glory see,
And praise him through eternity.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.—L. M.

- 1 **H**OW shall I speak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me !
Shall I begin to sing his birth,
And follow him to *Calvary* ?
- 2 Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace ;
For now his righteousness is near,
And free for all the fallen race.
- 3 His tender arms are open still,
Returning sinners to receive ;
Steady his mind, and fix'd his will,
To save whoever shall believe.
- 4 Ye pris'ners to the refuge fly,
His wounds, a covert from the storm ;
Why should you languish here and die,
When sav'd you may be from all harm ?
- 5 He

- 5 He waits with pardon in his hand,
 And longs that you the same might share;
 Come, sinners, at his mild command;
 His name forbids your hearts to fear.
-

H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 **Y**E weary wanderers draw near,
 That know no solid peace or rest;
 Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
 And lean upon your Saviour's breast;
 All's stolen fruit than can be found
 To cheer the soul on nature's ground.
- 2 Come, for the gospel bids you come;
 Jesus for sinners bled and dy'd;
 The sacred word reports there's room;
 The Saviour woo's you for his bride:
 Your souls shall find a resting-place
 In arms of everlasting grace.
- 3 The day of small things don't despise;
 By poverty increase your store;
 The happy soul, that's truly wise,
 Does richer grow by growing poor:
 All we desire, and all we need,
 Must daily from the Lamb proceed.

H Y M N CXL.

JESUS, thou tender heart,
Give me a while to sit,
To learn the good and needful part,
In stillness at thy feet.
Low may I bow before
The footstool of thy grace,
And love and praise thee more and more,
Till I behold thy face.

2 Afford me free access
Unto thy wounded side ;
There would I fix my dwelling-place,
And there for ever hide :
Sprinkle my heart, O Lord,
And my whole frame renew ;
Subdue and crucify the flesh,
And form me all a-new.

3 I AM, O glorious name !
What tribute is thy due ?
Since I my God in human frame
And sinner's likeness view :
Thee, cloath'd in flesh and blood,
By faith I would embrace ;
With Simeon bless th' incarnate God,
And then depart in peace.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLI.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, I'm fill'd with wonder
 To find thee still so kind,
 When I intensely ponder,
 The coldness of my mind;
 My numberless omissions,
 My negligence in pray'r,
 My manifold commissions,
 And wand'rings here and there.
- 2 How many vile affections
 Surviving vex my heart;
 How strong are these corruptions,
 Which, warring, give me smart;
 The world, the flesh, the devil,
 Strive to usurp the sway;
 Still tempting me to evil,
 To lead my soul astray.
- 3 Instead of loud thanksgiving,
 Wherein I should abound;
 I'm subject to complaining,
 When trials me surround:
 My want of resignation
 Disorders me within;
 Gives birth unto temptation,
 To unbelief and sin.
- 4 But soon I am ashamed
 Such thoughts to entertain;
 Why should my Lord be blamed,
 When in the fault I am?

'Tis thine to be forgiving
The penitential race,
And mine to be receiving,
The bounties of thy grace.

H Y M N CXLII.—C.M.

- 1 A Thousand foes prepare to war
Against a feeble saint;
Jesus, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me lest I faint.
- 2 Give me a heart divorc'd from sin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Constant, sincere, and fervent, in
The exercise of pray'r.
- 3 Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to speak thy praise;
Arm'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
And cloath'd with ev'ry grace.
- 4 Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A constant jealous care;
Lest I from the right path should err,
Or fall into a snare.
- 5 To ev'ry earthly object dead,
Alive to things above;
Conform'd unto my living head,
And fill'd with ardent love.

6 Let

- 6 Let anxious fears no more molest
My poor and helpless mind ;
Thy cross slay all within my breast
That is not meek and kind.
- 7 Assume in me thy dwelling-place,
Regard my low degree ;
Subdue me wholly by thy grace,
And let me faithful be.
-

H Y M N CXLIII. — L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest are they whose feet have found
The way unto *Immanuel's* ground ;
And stedfastly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of sin.
- 2 There weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly in Jesu's breast ;
They so much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.
- 3 In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
Who once was wrapt in human frame ;
They view in his dear marred face,
The object of eternal praise.
- 4 His Spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.

- 5 He arms them for the evil day ;
 And while in heart with him they stay,
 He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
 And brings them thro' the trying hour.
- 6 Then rest, my soul, upon thy Lord,
 Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living word,
 And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
 Till it brake out in endless day.

H Y M N CXLIV.—L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour's love, once truly known,
 The man of sin and self pulls down ;
 Humbles the sinner at his feet,
 And makes his wounds and passion sweet.
- 2 Bow'd down in shame, we gladly own,
 The work to be the Lord's alone ;
 To him our very all we owe,
 What of ourselves or God we know.
- 3 Our works no longer then we praise,
 Nothing extol but Jesu's grace ;
 Free and unmerited, we prove
 The boundless height and depth of love.
- 4 While thus we learn the needful part,
 Shame fills, love warms, the grateful heart ;
 While on his suff'ring form we muse,
 Our cares and very thoughts we lose.

M

5 We

- 5 We stand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour could for sinners die;
We blush to see him in his blood,
Yet here we look, and drop our load.
- 6 All blessings from the cross proceed;
All we desire, and all we need;
For Christ, the Father's only Son,
For us eternal life has won.
- 7 Then, O my soul, how canst thou be
So cold to him who dy'd for thee!
How canst thou chuse but love his name,
And glow with holy fervent flame?
-

H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 **I** Grieve, nor can my grief e'er cease,
Till I my Saviour truly love;
Till he with blood signs my release,
And sweetly draws my thoughts above!
For this I languish, mourn, and pine,
To prove the dear Redeemer mine.
- 2 But oh! how backward is my mind,
How widely my affections rove!
Yet no true peace on earth I find,
No trace of bliss, where'er I move;
Objects of sense can ne'er impart,
Felicity unto my heart.

- 3 No: nothing now can satisfy,
 Or true contentment here afford,
 Till I by faith can humbly cry,
 Jesus is now become my Lord:
 Jesus, the man of deepest grief,
 Alone can send me kind relief.
- 4 On him, my all, I fain would stay,
 And sweetly on his bosom rest;
 Till all my griefs shall die away,
 And love shall sparkle in my breast;
 When shall it be, my dearest Lamb,
 That I shall feel this holy flame?
- 5 Thy saints can triumph in thy bliss,
 And all thy wond'rous works declare;
 Oh! how I long to feel their peace,
 And all their banquetings to share:
 Come to my heart, O quickly come,
 And tell me that thou art my own.

H Y M N CXLVI.—L. M.

- 1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God!
 Come, try the virtue of his blood;
 By faith the man of sorrows view,
 Expiring on the cross for you!
- 2 Salvation's well wide open stands,
 And blood-streams run from feet and hands;
 The open'd side doth richly flow,
 From whence, with joy, we water draw.
- M 2
- 3 Water

- 3 Water to quench our parching thirst,
To cleanse and make us meet for Christ ;
T' allay our nature's fire within,
And purify the soul from sin.
- 4 Jesus alone true life imparts,
And medicine for all wounded hearts ;
With balm supplies for ev'ry sore,
And works a speedy perfect cure.
- 5 One look to him upon the pole
Revives and heals the sin-stung soul ;
Relieves the weary and the faint,
The tempted and each mourner's want.
- 6 Come then, thou great High-priest, apply
To us this sovereign remedy :
That we the blessings of thy death
May know to be our own by faith.
-

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **O**H ! Lord, how faithless is my heart,
How very apt from thee to stray !
Just like a broken bow I start,
And nature strives to bear the sway :
Was ever one so vile, yet bless'd ;
So foul, yet by the Lord carels'd !
- 2 Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
And bind my passions to thy cross ;

Quench

Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
 And bid me count my gain but loss;
 Lord Jesus tear each idol down,
 And stablish in my heart thy throne.

3 Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
 And speak the tempest to a calm;
 Shall warm my heart, and charin my fears,
 And prove a never-failing balm:
 The maladies of sin remove,
 And fill my soul with perfect love.

4 Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt please
 To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r;
 I'd sing the glories of thy grace,
 Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
 With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
 And love shall be my endless song.

H Y M N CXLVIII..

O Lord, how great's the favour!
 That we, such sinners poor,
 Can, through thy death's sweet savour,
 Approach thy mercy's door,
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace,
 There wait the welcome message
 Which bids us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need,

M 3

Throughout

Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid, and inly dead ;
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin ;
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

2 In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid !
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the church's head ?
 Jesus, thou art all pity,
 Oh take us to thine arms,
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints ;
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of saints ;
 Till we attain the image
 Of him we inly love,
 And pay our grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great :
 In this blest contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell,
 And prove such consolation
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N CXLIX.

1 COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
 Fan each spark into a flame;
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name,
 Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
 May our hearts in rapture move;
 Feel fresh grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the air of purest love.

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea;
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free :
 On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe :
 Love, O love, for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
 Sinking in the sweetest union
 Of that heart-felt mystery :
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms ;
 Free from sin and all confusion :
 Circle us within thine arms.

H Y M N CL.—L. M.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence with-hold:
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.
- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace;
Thy faithful mercies now make known
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Our well-beloved friend thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N CLI.—L. M.

- 1 **T**HE one thing needful, that good part
Which *Mary* chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with anxious mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.
- 2 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright.
The glorious gospel mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and thee.
- 3 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of such great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.
- 4 O Jesu Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.
- 5 Give me a new and contrite heart;
The faith which works by love impart:
Wash me from all the stains of sin,
And make and keep me clean within.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLII.

- 1 JESU, JESU, King of saints,
Known to thee are all my wants ;
Self-covicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.
- 2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim ;
With an eye of love look down ;
Help, O help me very soon.
- 3 Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart ;
Oh ! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I sure have need.
- 4 Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone ;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.
- 5 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed ;
All my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.
- 6 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick ;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

- 7 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the shepherd's care ;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.
-

H Y M N CLIII. — S. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve ;
Come to my heart, and dwell thou there,
That thou in me may'st live.
- 2 In weakness I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace ;
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.
- 3 Thou read'st the naked breast ;
For liberty I groan ;
I sigh in thee, my Lord, to rest,
And worship thee alone.
- 4 Fain would I hate my sin,
And ponder on thy love ;
Till all be sanctify'd within,
And my whole heart's above.
- 5 If trials vex my mind,
Close to thy wounds I'll flee ;
No refuge may I elsewhere find,
No refuge but in thee.

- 6 To thee I recommend
My poor and trembling soul ;
On thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.
-

H Y M N · CLIV.

1 **O** Thou tender loving Jesus,
Now thy saving grace impart ;
From the world and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil heart :
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jesu, come ;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the corner-stone.

2 Here for ever let us center,
Steady, though assail'd by sin ;
Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal life we win ;
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
Scatter ev'ry gathering cloud ;
Our poor hearts, O Jesu, sprinkle
With thy precious, precious blood.

3 When our chearing feelings sicken,
And a veil our souls o'er spreads ;
Then with grace our spirits quicken
To raise up our drooping heads :

· Would

Would our foolish hearts e'er wander
From the source of real joy ?
Call us back, but not in anger,
Lest thy frowns should us destroy.

- 4 Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,
Still display thy banner high ;
March victorious on before us,
Make the world and Satan fly :
When the angel with thy summons
Seals in peace the pilgrim's eyes,
In that trying moment bear us
Safe into thy paradise.
-

H Y M N CLV.—C. M.

- 1 SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
S And hear the gospel word ;
Regard your visitation day,
And entertain your Lord.

- 2 He calls unto the sons of men,
His offer'd grace to prove,
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.

- 3 Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Justly he doth it claim ;
Oh ! do not then his call despise,
But give it to the Lamb.

4 His

- 4 His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies;
Pardon and present peace to give,
And love that never dies.
- 5 Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou friend of sinners, come;
Descend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great salvation down.
-

H Y M N CLVI.—L.M.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.
- 2 Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood;
Herein God's justice is appear'd;
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.
- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.
- 4 Oh! quit the world's de'usive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms:
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLVII.—C. M.

1 COME, let us join our chearful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N CLVIII.—C. M.

1 O Dearest Lord, give me a heart
Inflam'd with love to thee,
That through thy tedious toil and smart
My soul may happy be.

- 2 I want, O Lord, from sin to flee,
And in thy wounds to rest :
Bid me by faith come near to thee,
And lean upon thy breast.
- 3 Still let a sense of what thou'lt done
In my hard heart be felt,
That by this love which thou hast shewn,
My inmost soul may melt.
- 4 Oh ! may I never, never faint,
But soar on wings of love,
Till in thy glory, as a saint,
I sing with saints above.
- 5 Lord, I would now my all give up,
To thee, whom I adore ;
And, humbly falling at thy feet,
Proclaim thy love and pow'r.
-

H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, Oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness !
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within mine heart,
Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N CLX.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r

N

That

That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

- 2 What kind endearing words,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace !
 My soul with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for thee !
- 3 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name !
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.
- 4 Jesus, our Great High-priest,
 Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ;
 Thou guilty sinner, seek
 No sacrifice beside :
 His pow'rful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before God's throne.
- 5 My dear Almighty Lord !
 My Conqueror and my King !
 Thy matchless pow'r and love,
 Thy saving grace we sing :
 Thine is the pow'r ; O may we sit,
 In willing bonds, beneath thy feet !

H Y M N CLXI.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
 Tune mine heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my *Ebenezer*;
 Hither by thine help I come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus fought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's mine heart—O take and seal it!
 Seal it for thy courts above!

H Y M N CLXII.—C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign !
Where love inspires the breath !
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be—love.

H Y M N CLXIII.—L. M.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Lost guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears ;
Then they awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.
 - 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
 - 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness :
Thou art our mighty all ; may we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.
-

H Y M N CLXIV.—S. M.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On *Jewish* altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away :
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine :
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.
-

H Y M N CLXV.

- 1 **H**AIL thou once despised Jesus!
Hail thou *Gailean* King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring:
Hail, thou universal Saviour,
Who haste borne our sin and shame;
By whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God anointed,
All our sins were on thee laid:
By Almighty love appointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year :"
 Thou for saints art interceding,
 Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive ;
 Loudett praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give :
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt *Immanuel's* praise !

H Y M N CLXVI.—I. M.

- 1 **H**O ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters come ;
 Sinners obey your Maker's call :
 Return ye weary wand'ers home,
 And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise !
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;

N 1

Money

Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.
-

H Y M N CLXVII.

- 1 **G**OD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of guilt, alas ! I am ;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

- 2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

- 3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy ;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I :

Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n;
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Christ, our Lord and God, we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
Saviour of offending man.
- 3 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow;
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou,
Jesu! in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.
- 4 Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow;
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou!

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXIX. — L. M.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not ye his grace refuse;
This world's vain cares and lusts forsake,
What Jesus freely gives us, take.
- 3 Have me excus'd: why will ye say?
From health, and life, and liberty!
From all that is in Jesus giv'n;
From pardon, holiness, and heav'n.
- 4 Come then, ye souls by sin opprest;
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ an hearty welcome find.
- 5 Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be sav'd from sin, in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd love make haste, embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

- 7 Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you :
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin ;
For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 8 This is the time, no more delay ;
This is the glorious gospel-day :
Come in this moment, at his call,
And liv'd for him who dy'd for all.

H Y M N CLXX.—S. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, the eternal King.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXI.—S. M.

1 **M**Y Saviour, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
O dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.

2 Thou callest all, O Lord,
To come to thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my sins ;
I know thou can'st forgive.

3 My Lord and Saviour dear !
I long to see thy face ;
To know thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.

4 And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with thee ;
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N CLXXII.—S. M.

1 **O** Patient, spotless Lamb,
My heart in patience keep ;
To bear the cross so easy made,
By wounding thee so deep.

a Bragg

2 Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choicest flocks abide ;
From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.

3 My friend, thou hast enough
My misery to relieve ;
Though sin and guilt oppresses me sore,
The balm is thine to give.

4 Do thou, my God, unite
My heart so firm to thee,
That ev'ry where, and at all times,
Thy love my all may be.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

1 **O**H ! my Lord, I ask a favour ;
Let my soul from henceforth be
Rooted, settled, grounded, ever
On thee to all eternity.
Call me back, but not in anger,
If I chance to stray from thee ;
Timely then I shun the danger,
Grace prevents my misery.

2 When I read thy doleful story,
Then it gives me deep concern ;
Thus to bruise the Lord of glory,
Oh ! my inmost bowels yearn :

Sinner

Sinner, come ; look on him yonder !

Then thou'lt surely love like me :

Him, whose love than death was stronger,
Dearer than his liberty.

- 3 Still I love him, and adore him ;
While in life I am confin'd
I will lay my wants before him ;
For I find him very kind.
Like us was he found in fashion,
With us for to sympathize :
Oh ! his heart is all compassion ;
Broken hearts he'll ne'er despise.
-

H Y M N CLXXIV.—C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Saviour, my good shepherd art ;
Thy voice, dear Lord, I know :
For thy own life thou hast laid down
To save me from deep woe.
- 2 When I was lost, and far had stray'd
Into a desert wild ;
With tend'rest care thou didst restore
Thy faithless wand'ring child.
- 3 When I was broken and heart-sick,
Thou pitiedst my pain ;
And didst bind up and strengthen me,
And give me health again.

4 Thou

4 Thou dost me lead and gently tend,
And feed in pastures good ;
And bring me to the living stream
Of thy most precious blood.

5 Thy blood ! O pleasing sound to me,
And all thy helpless sheep ;
There lies my sure defence by day,
My shelter when I sleep.

H Y M N CLXXV.

1 **T**HE God, whose smiles we court,
Whose favours we do claim ;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame ;
Is none but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord ;
Whose grace and Spirit still remain
To bless us in his word.

2 His promise is the same,
His church below to bless
When they assemble in his name,
To supplicate his grace :
A train of sinners poor
He will not cast behind ;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

3 To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above ;

Answers

Answers our prayers in sweet replies,
And tokens of his love.
Shall we not witness bear
How faithful he hath been ;
And boldly to the world declare,
Salvation we have seen ?

- 4 Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confess;
And speak of Christ the living word,
The Lord our righteousness.
We'll mention to his praise
The triumphs of his death ;
And sing his everlasting grace
Ev'n with our latest breath.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

- 1 **W**HILE my Jesus I'm possessing,
Great's the happiness I know ;
I receive the purchas'd blessing,
Peace and joy around me flow :
Underneath are the embraces
Of his everlasting arm ;
Then I sing my loudest praises ;
Then I'm safe from sin and harm.
- 2 Truly blessed is the portion
Destin'd me by sov'reign grace ;
While I view divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruised face :

Be it my fix'd resolution,
Jesus Christ, my Lord, to love ;
At his feet to fix my station,
Nor from thence in heart remove.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon my Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much, I've much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle of grace :
Fill'd with sinner-like contrition,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Happy in the sweet fruition
Of my Saviour's painful death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And from hence salvation draw :
May I have the Spirit's unction,
Filling me with holy shame ;
Still retain a close connection
With the person of the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

1 MORNING-STAR, I follow thee ;
Lead me here, or lead me there :
Thou my staff in trav'ling be,
I'll no other weapon bear :

O

Me

Me may angels guard from ill,
When I am to do thy will ;
So shall I, with steady pace,
Reach the dearest city, grace.

- 2 This my Master's purchase is ;
Here my Lord, my Christ, is King ;
He is mine, and I am his,
Him I'll ever praise and sing :
Who can hurt me in this place,
Fenc'd and fortify'd by grace ?
Dearest city, I am thine,
And thy happiness is mine.
-

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Saviour, could I always keep
My eye on thee, the living way,
I then, though once a wand'ring sheep,
Should no more from thee run astray :
But wherefoe'er thou wentest, I
Should simply go, not asking why.
- 2 **O** that I never could forget,
One moment what thou, Lord, hast done
To save my soul, and make me meet
To sit with saints upon a throne :
3 **O** that thy off'ring on the tree
Might evermore be ey'd by me !

H Y M N CLXXIX.—C. M.

1 **H**APPY are we, when guilt is gone!
This alters all our frame;
Sins and temptations still come on,
But we are not the same.

2 What did before afflict as much,
And give us anxious care,
The faithful breast it cannot touch;
For now the Lord is there.

3 Are we thro' dang'rous paths to rove,
The shades of death to pass?
Our shield eternal is his love,
Our light his gracious face.

4 The world must marvel, and ev'n we
Admire that secret hand
Which leads us safe through misery,
To Canaan's happy land.

H Y M N CLXXX.

1 **L**ORD make me faithful to my call,
In heart still truly give up all;

O 2

Myself

Myself to thee resign :
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline.

- 2 My feet with holy oil anoint ;
The destin'd path, thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread ;
Bedew me with a genial show'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
With living manna feed.
- 3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus, to thy child impart,
In ev'ry trying hour :
Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent
Till fight my faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N CLXXXI.—C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT am I, Lord ! that thou so much
Didst love and value me ?
Vile dust am I, yet thou for such
Didst suffer misery.
- 2 How great a mystery and deep
Is this, my loving God !
That thou, to save a poor lost sheep,
Didst shed thy tears and blood.

- 8 O this endears thy name to me,
This makes me prize thee so;
Because thou on the shameful tree
My curse didst undergo.
- 4 How, Lord, can it be otherwise?
How can I but be mov'd?
How can I but with weeping eyes
Behold how I am lov'd?
- 5 How can I view my suffering Lord,
And see his wounds and smart,
And not sink down in tender shame,
And bless him from my heart?
- 6 Still be thy name to me more dear,
More precious ev'ry day;
Till I before thy throne appear,
Drest in thy bright array.
-

H Y M N CLXXXII.

GRACE how exceeding sweet to those
Who truly sinners are;
Sunk and distressed, they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there.
Thus grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
"Directly come, who will;
Just as you are; for Christ receives
"Poor helpless sinners still."

2 All we, who now are his, were first
 Deeply convinc'd of sin ;
 Each felt the plague of his own heart,
 The leprosy within :
 Then life and righteousness divine
 Were freely to us giv'n ;
 Thus we a happy people are,
 Co-heirs with Christ of heav'n.

3 Now, dearest Lord ! we inly pray,
 That in thy service we
 May active, holy, faithful prove,
 Deriving strength from thee.
 O let us still in thee abide,
 For babes we are most weak ;
 Poor sinners still, who without thee,
 Can nought act, think, or speak.

4 We thirst, O Lord ; give us this day,
 To taste more of this grace ;
 More of that stream which from the rock
 Flow'd through the wilderness.
 'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls ;
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;
 And, oh ! that nothing else but grace
 May rule for evermore.

5 Where'er eternal life is giv'n,
 This thirst the same will be ;
 The heart will after Jesus pant
 To all eternity.

How great thy love and faithfulness,
 Ancient and late, O Lord!
 O may thy grace at all times be
 Here and in heav'n ador'd.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

- 1 UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our King!
 In stillness he collects his flock;
 Leads on, and to perfection brings,
 And grounds them on himself, the rock:
 With little hurry, noise, or shew,
 He safely guideth ev'ry soul;
 No more the blinded world can do,
 Than scorn and ridicule the whole.
- 2 Thy church, great Saviour! bought with blood,
 Outcast of men, but dear to thee,
 Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
 An easy yoke; thrice happy she,
 When, bearing thy reproach below,
 She still partakes of thy free grace,
 Which from thy wounds doth sweetly flow,
 And all affliction's load outweighs.
- 3 Thou many, with thy winning charms,
 Hast melted, touch'd by fire divine;
 And many, with paternal arms,
 Embrac'd and seal'd for ever thine.

And, since they so unite in love,
 Thy very soul's delight are they;
 And thou securely from above
 Dost guide them in the narrow way.

4 Come, tender Lord, support the weak,
 Support thy little ones with grace:
 Thou know'st for thee a-thirst we seek,
 Kind Master of thy chosen race.
 Faithful we know thy tender love,
 Thy wounds our heav'n, our paradise;
 May spirit, soul, and body, prove
 An ever-living sacrifice.

5 Within the circle of thy arms
 O may we ever live secure;
 'Tis by thy oath that thou art ours,
 Bond ever sacred, ever sure!
 Thy work with mighty arm support,
Satan shall ne'er prevail o'er thee:
 Let thy true followers, tho' oppress'd,
 Beneath oppression conqu'rors be.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

1 **O** Tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me is now o'er.

2 A *Canaan* I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

The

- 3 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live ;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
- 4 My soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away :
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 5 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow ;
What light, strength, and comfort : go after him, go.
- 6 And when I'm to die,
 " Receive me," I'll cry ;
My Saviour hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
- 7 And now I'm in care
 My neighbours may share
Those blessings : to seek them will none of you dare?
- 8 In bondage, O why !
 And death, will you lie ?
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh.
-

H Y M N CLXXXV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Redeemer dear,
 Pity my complaining ;
Full of reasoning and fear,
 Look upon my ailing.

2 Once

- 2 Once I walked undisturb'd,
Fear was wholly banish'd :
Joyfully I heard thy word,
Hereby was replenish'd.
- 3 O 'twas sweet unto my taste ;
I was tender-hearted :
Sin's dominions were laid waste,
Guilt from me departed.
- 4 'Twas my meat and drink always,
Thy will to be doing ;
In my heart the well of grace
Ev'ry hour was flowing.
- 5 Now beneath thy word I lay,
Dead and unconcerned ;
Cold I come and go away
Seldom ever warmed.
- 6 When thy people joyful run,
By thee are befriended ;
Then I, like the elder son,
Murmuring, am offended.
- 7 O, my Lord, how is my case ?
Tell it me, O Jesus !
Bring me to my resting-place,
In thy wounds so precious.
- 8 Lead me, as thou dost thy flock,
Where the streams are flowing ;
Fix, O fix me on the rock,
Order thou my going.

H Y M N CLXXXVI. — C. M.

1 JESUS, our High-Priest and our Head,
 Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
 And always interced'st for us
 Before the throne of God.

2 We know thou never canst forget
 Thy poor weak members here;
 But when we suffer in the least,
 A part with us thou'lt bear.

3 Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
 At what thy children feel;
 When by temptations we are press'd,
 Thou know'st well what we ail.

4 Thou hast a tender sympathy
 With ev'ry smart and pain;
 For when thou wast a man on earth
 Thou didst the same sustain.

5 And though thou art exalted now,
 Yet to us thou art near;
 Thou know'st our weaknesses and wants,
 And list'nest to our pray'rs.

6 Thou art to us so very nigh,
 That with us thou art one,
 In spirit, soul, and heart, and flesh,
 Yea, bone of our own bone.

7 What

- 7 What shall we say for this thy love,
But 'fore thee prostrate lie ;
And thank thee that thou wast a man,
To all eternity.
-

H Y M N CLXXXVII.—L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet a thing it is to see
The chosen people of the Lord
Dwelling in love and unity,
Abiding stedfast in the word.
- 2 His praises do each tongue command,
His love's convey'd from heart to heart ;
All, willingly, with heart and hand,
Reciprocally act their part.
- 3 All love to hear their Shepherd's voice,
While he gives pasture to his sheep ;
With those that joy they do rejoice,
And weep in heart with those that weep.
- 4 Their burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's grief,
And when appriz'd of dangers near,
Jointly they supplicate relief.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest in thee, my God :
I am safe, and I am happy,
Whilst in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
Whilst the Saviour is so nigh.
- 2 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name ;
That, if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very fame :
He that asketh, soon receiveth ;
He that seeks is sure to find :
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.
- 3 Now our Counsellor is pleading
With his Father and our God ;
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood :
Here, methinks, I hear him praying,
" Father, save them ; I have dy'd :"
And the Father answers, saying,
" They are freely justify'd."

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

- 1 **O** My Lord! I've often mused
 On thy wond'rous love to me;
 How I have the same abused,
 Slighted, disregarded thee.
 To thy church and thee a stranger,
 Pleas'd with what displeas'd thee:
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.
- 2 But, unwearied, thou pursu'd'st me,
 Still thy calls repeated came;
 Till on *Calvary's* mount I view'd thee,
 Bearing my reproach and blame:
 Then I felt the godly mourning,
 Look'd on thee, I pierc'd, and griev'd;
 Then I knew the grace-atoning,
 Then the sprinkled blood receiv'd.
- 3 I no more at *Mary* wonder,
 When I see her all in tears,
 When her ardent zeal I ponder
 To find out her Master dear.
 No; she sensibly was melted
 By her Lord's attracting pow'r:
 How could he then be neglected!
 How could she but love him more!
- 4 Oh! my Lord, let *Mary's* feeling
 Ev'ry hour in me abide;

Sin shall then, however pleasing,
 Never me from thee divide ;
 Led by this divine sensation.
 Springing from a love to thee,
 I shall, in whatever station,
 Faithful and contented be.

H Y M N CXC.

1 **L**ORD, if now thou passest by me,
 Stand, and call me unto thee ;
 Freely, fully justify me,
 Give me eyes thy love to see !
 Love, that brought thee down from heav'n,
 Made my God a man of grief ;
 Let it shew my sins forgiv'n ;
 Help, O help mine unbelief.

2 Long I for thy love have waited,
 Begging sat by the way-side ;
 Still I am not new created,
 Still I am not sanctify'd :
 Thou, O Lord, in great compassion,
 Hast, in part, my sight restor'd ;
 Shew me all thy full salvation,
 Make the servant as his Lord.

H Y M N CXCI.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by !
 To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
- 2 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is,
Come, see, if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 3 For what you have done,
 His blood did atone,
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
- 4 The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 5 He answer'd for all—
 —O come at his call ;
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
-

H Y M N CXCII.—C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation !

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
-

H Y M N CXIII.—S. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God!
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n!
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.
- 3 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love!
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love!
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their accursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love!

7 Hither

- 7 Hither then your musick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love!
-

H Y M N CXC.V.—C. M.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites the souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- P 2
- 6 There,

6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
 In extasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand, thousand more
 Are welcome still to come ;
 Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
 Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N CXCVI.—C. M.

1 I'LL rise, and to my father go,
 With mournful voice complain,
 And humble at his feet I'll bow,
 His mercy to obtain.

2 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
 To seek his father's love ;
 The father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.

3 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
 For follies he had done.

4 Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
 (The father gives command,)
 Dress him in garments white and clean,
 With rings adorn his hand.

- 5 A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, and now is found.
-

H Y M N CXC VII.—L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of our Lord;
Be wise, to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd;
His profer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

- 1 SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor ?
 Canst thou love a child of wrath ?
 Can a hell-deserving creature
 Be the purchase of thy death ?
 Is thy blood so efficacious
 As to make my nature clean ?
 Is thy sacrifice so precious
 As to free me from my sin ?
- 2 Sin on every hand surrounds me,
 No acquittance can I hear ;
 Pangs of unbelief confound me,
 Oh ! my grief I cannot bear :
 Here then is my resolution,
 At thy dearest feet to fall ;
 Here I'll meet with condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.
- 3 Now ~~thou~~ deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou canst, to wretched me ;
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die :
 If I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;
 If I meet with free salvation,
 I will magnify thy name.

H Y M N CXCIX.—C. M.

1 **A**UTHOR of true and saving faith,
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
A new believing heart.

2 Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
My reas'ning's voice controul;
Approve thyself the sinner's friend,
And bless my helpless soul.

3 Long have I sought thy peace to find,
But all my search was vain;
For unbelief still veil'd my mind,
And dwelling gnaw'd within.

4 At times, thy word's attracting beams
Hath drawn my soul above;
Diffusing thro' my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.

5 Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But, ah! the blessing did not last,
The visitant pass'd by.

6 And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love?
Shall I be join'd to saints below,
And not with saints above?

- 7 Shall I beneath the gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace;
And, at the awful judgment-day,
Be banish'd from thy face?
- 8 Oh! may I feel a glimm'ring hope,
E'er long thou wilt me bless;
And at the last will raise me up,
A kingdom to possess.
-

H Y M N CC.—C. M.

- 1 **I** Wait the visits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God;
O come, and shew thy smiling face,
And wash me in thy blood.
- 2 Oh! whither can I go, to get
A pardon for my sin?
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him.
- 3 Oh! that I could but once, by faith,
Behold him on the tree;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.
- 4 Oh! that I might but once be found
In that blest wedding-dress;
Which in my ears doth often sound,
His blood and righteousness!

- 5 'Tis this alone can give me ease,
And heal my wounded heart ;
My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
His sufferings and smart.
-

H Y M N CCI.

- 1 **C**OME, ye finners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Oh ! ye needy, come, and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and wounded by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies?
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
" It is finish'd !"
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah !
Sinners, here may do the same.

H Y M N CCIL

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Bring your humble grateful lays;

Help

Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt *Immanuel's* praise :
 Friend of sinners !
 Thee we laud for richest grace.

2 O what grace hast thou vouchsafed !
 O what mercy hast thou shown !
 When, to die for vilest rebels,
 Thou didst leave thy blissful throne !
 Bleeding Saviour !
 Melt, O melt our hearts of stone.

3 Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus,
 Think upon your gracious Lord :
 He has pity'd your condition,
 He has sent his gospel-word :
 Mercy calls you,
 Mercy flows from Jesu's blood.

4 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wond'rous love ;
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve :
 Bless, O bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.

5 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel-feast ;
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
 Ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest :
 O receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

H Y M N CCIII.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heav'n! bread of heav'n!
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer! strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on *Canaan's* side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.
-

H Y M N CCIV.

- 1 **F**ATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above!
From thy wrath and curse release us;
Manifest thy pard'ning love:

O receive

O receive us to thy favour,
 For his only sake receive ;
 Give us to our bleeding Saviour,
 Let us by his dying live.

- 2 "To thy pard'ning grace receive them ;"
 Once he pray'd upon the tree ;
 Still his blood cries out, "forgive them ;
 "All their sins were purg'd by me."
 Still our Advocate in heav'n
 Prays the pray'r on earth begun,
 "Father, shew their sins forgiv'n ;
 "Father, glorify thy Son !"
-

H Y M N CCV.—C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
 For man, his creature's sin.

4 Thus

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
That debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
-

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of consolation,
Refresh us in our need;
Breathe thro' this congregation,
Our souls with manna feed:
Dispel the clouds of darkness,
Command the light to shine;
And banish all our sadness
By one sweet look of thine.
- 2 Remind us of thy sorrows,
The thorns which pierc'd thy head;
And all those open furrows
The cruel scourges made:
Oh! lead us to the garden
To view thy bloody sweat,
Wrestling beneath the burden
Of sins distressing weight.

3 Yea,

g Yea, let us be repairing
 With haste to *Calvary* ;
 To view the nails him tearing,
 While stretch'd upon the tree ;
 Oh ! who can tell the anguish
 Which reach'd that tender heart ;
 Which there did inly languish
 Thro' piercing racking smart.

4 Methinks, I see him bleeding,
 And wish there to abide,
 Where purple gore is streaming,
 From hands, and feet, and side :
 Oh ! let thy bitter penance,
 And interceding love,
 Redress our ev'ry grievance,
 And raise our hearts above.

H Y M N CCVII.

1 **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! *Salem's* daughters weep around :
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load !
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !

But,

But, lo ! what sudden joys we see ;
 Jesus, the dead, revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him, welcome to the skies !

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints ! and tell,
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains !
 Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !
 " Born to redeem ! and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
 " And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

H Y M N CCVIII.—C. M.

- 1 **M**Y blessed Saviour, is thy love
 So great, so full, so free ?
 Behold ! I give my love, my heart,
 My life, my all to thee.
- 2 I love thee for that glorious worth
 In thy great self I see :
 I love thee for that shameful cross
 Thou hast endur'd for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast,
 Than for his friend to die :
 But for thy en'mies thou wast slain ;
 What love with thine can vie ?

4 Though



